Brawl in Cell Block 99

by
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1 EXT. DEAN’S AUTO REPAIR SHOP / BACK LOT - MORNING 1

Beneath a sky filled with clouds that look like impasto brush-strokes, an orange tow truck drives through the open gate of a security fence and RUMBLES toward an enclosed auto repair shop. Past the open bays of the weathered establishment, the utility vehicle pulls a pea-green sedan that somehow escaped the seventies with its original coat of paint.

JAMES, a slender black man with graying hair, a pockmarked face, protuberant eyes and grease-stained overalls, walks out from underneath the raised belly of a dented yellow and red low rider. In the adjacent bay, FAT TIM, a porcine fellow with a bulbous nose, sets down an extricated gearbox, which CLANKS, and turns around. Both men watch the orange truck pull the pea-green sedan across the lot.

JAMES
Go get Dean.

Fat Tim nods his head, puts on a baseball cap and walks toward a glass door that is marked, ‘Dean’s Auto Repair Shop - Office and Customer Service.’

The orange tow truck veers into the arrival area, RUMBLING, and comes to an easy stop. A bell JINGLES upon the office door, and Fat Tim walks inside. James shakes his head and SPITS on the ground.

The driver’s door opens. From the cab of the tow truck emerges BRADLEY THOMAS, a powerfully built man in his 40’s who wears black jeans and a loose charcoal windbreaker. On the back of his shaved skull is a tattoo of a cross that is rendered in green and wrapped with barbed wire; bright red ink drips from the punctured religious icon. He shuts the door, looks across the lot, sees James, and salutes.

BRADLEY
Howdy.

James waves and conjures a rather unconvincing grin. Bradley, holding a metal water bottle in his right hand, walks forward and points at the pea green sedan.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
The owner--who’s got a couch that’s also puke color--thinks there’s a problem with the engine. Said, “It’s making a funny noise.”

Bradley SNAPS the cap off of his metal water bottle and takes a swig.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
It wasn’t hilarious.

JAMES
Transmission?

BRADLEY
Transmission.

The bell JINGLES. Bradley looks east. Twenty yards away, a leathery fifty-three year-old man in tan slacks and a blue button-up shirt emerges from the office-- DEAN. He is followed by Fat Tim, who drinks from a can of orange soda. Standing behind the glass door and looking outside is a young female SECRETARY clutching a banana.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
If this is a surprise party, somebody missed the cue.

Bradley walks toward the tacit congregation, drinking from his metal bottle, wary. Dean clears his throat and steps forward. The big Texan SNAPS his bottle shut.

DEAN
Brad.

BRADLEY
Bradley.

The owner forces a smile.

DEAN
Bradley. Come into my office.

Five yards from Dean, Bradley stops.

BRADLEY
You can tell it out here. I don’t work in an office and I don’t need to squeeze into one to hear some bad news.

DEAN
Okay.

Dean looks at James and Fat Tim. The mechanics nod their heads, look at Bradley, avert their eyes, and retreat to their respective bays. Behind the glass, the Secretary peels the skin from her banana.

DEAN (CONT'D)
It’s a tough time for businesses right now-

BRADLEY
Not really interested in the economy. Am I gettin’ laid off?

DEAN
It's got nothing to do with your performance or the time you- you got angry. You've been a solid wrench and a great tow guy.

Bradley watches the older mechanics disappear into shadowy regions beneath buoyed cars.

BRADLEY
Seniority. I get it.

DEAN
I'm sorry. I know this isn't a good time for you-- with the foreclosure and everything.

BRADLEY
There's never a good time for this. I started looking for work after you let Pete go, but-

Bradley shakes his head, SNAPS open his water bottle, drinks from it, and rubs the tattoo on the back of his skull.

DEAN
Want somethin' stronger than water? Don't tell Fat Tim, but I've got a bottle of Turkey hidden in my desk.

BRADLEY
That's the last door I need to open right now.

DEAN
(awkwardly)
Oh sorry-- I forgot.

Bradley drinks another swig of water, SNAPS the bottle shut and walks toward the garage.

BRADLEY
I'll clean out my locker.

2 INT. DEAN'S AUTO REPAIR SHOP / LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 2

Bradley enters the locker room. Pinned by thumbtacks to the beige dry walls are a 2012 calendar that is filled with messy handwriting, the schematics for two engines and a poster of a black Lamborghini that is being lathered by a voluptuous (and sudsy) woman, which is entitled, 'Great Bodies.'

JAMES (O.S.) *
Don't take my artwork.

BRADLEY
I won't.

Across the narrow room, the Texan strides, his mind filled with concerns. He passes four mustard-colored lockers, stops, and reaches inside his right pocket. The muscles on the sides of his face show that his jaw is clenched.

Into the dangling padlock, Bradley inserts a steel key. He twists his wrist. Metal SNAPS. In-between his pinched thumb and index finger lies the bottom half of the broken key.

Anger flashes upon his face, and his body stiffens. He shuts his eyes, inhales deeply, and presses his steel wedding ring to his lips. After a few deep breaths, his muscles loosen. At present, he lowers his left fist and opens his eyes, unhappy, but composed ... and in control of his anger.

Bradley looks at the bottom of the padlock and sees that the top half of the key is wedged inside of it.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
(calling out)
James!

JAMES (O.S.)
Yeah?

BRADLEY
You know where the bolt cutters're at?

JAMES (O.S.)
In the storeroom--buried. I'll exhume them.

BRADLEY
Thanks.

Bradley flings the top half of the key; it CLANKS against a locker--scratching it--and caroms into a garbage can, CLINK.

3 EXT. DEAN'S AUTO REPAIR SHOP / PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER 3

Carrying a cardboard box laden with his possessions, Bradley walks through the hazy day towards a weathered white Chevrolet Camaro Z28 (from 1981) that is parked in the lot abutting the repair garage. Overhead, gray clouds darken.

Bradley pulls the passenger handle, sets the box upon a cracked leather seat and shuts the door, THUNK. He circles around the front of the vehicle.

JAMES
Bradley.

Bradley looks over the roof at the black mechanic.

JAMES (CONT'D)
You okay?

BRADLEY
South of okay, north of cancer.

JAMES
When things pick up around here,
I'll make sure Dean calls you.

BRADLEY
I said that same shit to Pete when
he got booted, but thanks.

Bradley sits in the vehicle, shuts the door, THUNK, inserts a key into the ignition, steps on the clutch and shifts, CLICK-CLICK. From the gravel lot, the Camaro rolls.

4 INT/EXT. BRADLEY'S WHITE CAMARO / HIGHWAY - NOON 4

Bradley drives along a southbound highway. A country singer with a syrupy twang laments about the things his woman "used to do" from the speakers, accompanied by a tearful slide guitar. The Texan reaches over and pushes the eject button; a cassette SNAPS from the slit; the car is quiet. Outside the windows, thick clouds obscure the sun.

5 INT/EXT. BRADLEY'S WHITE CAMARO / INNER CITY INTERSECTION - 5 MOMENTS LATER

Bradley drives up a wide avenue of an inner city area. Water drips from the dented air conditioners that jut from the barred windows of dingy project buildings and SPLAT upon stained sidewalks where VENDORS guard warped plastic tables, upon which are piled CDs, DVDs and videocassettes that nobody ever wanted.

Overheard, a traffic light turns red. Bradley applies his brakes and stops the car. At present, he looks at his steel wedding band and broods.

A RUMBLING lime green low-rider pulls up alongside the white camaro and stops. The driver and passenger, two BLACK TEENAGERS, nod their heads in time to BOOMING BASS-HEAVY MUSIC. They glance over at the brooding Texan and quickly look away.

Upon the dangling traffic light, the red disk darkens, and the bottom circle--which was once green, but now contains only a few plastic shards that look like teeth--illuminates. Bradley steps on his clutch, shifts gears, CLICK-CLICK, and accelerates toward the luminous white maw.

6 INT/EXT. BRADLEY'S WHITE CAMARO / RESIDENTIAL STREET - MOMENTS LATER 6

Bradley drives his car upon a two lane residential street. Behind warped gates and upon weedy lots are shaky, ephemeral houses, many of which have for sale signs or boarded-up windows. In front of a fire-scorched home, a thin white dog contemplates dirt with unseeing gray eyes.

Bradley steps on the clutch, shifts gears, CLICK-CLICK, and steers his car around a pile of dead branches. Something SMACKS against the windshield. The Texan surveys the glass and sees a trembling wet circle, which was formerly a large raindrop. He looks up at the blanket of gray clouds.

BRADLEY
You don't have to spit.

7 EXT. SMALL SKY BLUE HOUSE - SAME 7

Upon a narrow and well-tended lot of bright green grass sits a slim house that is painted a sky blue color, accented by white trim and white shingles. An American flag hangs underneath the overhang, undulating in the WHISTLING wind. Nestled in the lone parking spot is a two-door gray Honda * Prelude from 1994.

The white camaro glides along the curb and stops a foot away from two garbage pails, one of which lies on its side, spilling its guts.

8 INT/EXT. BRADLEY'S WHITE CAMARO / SMALL SKY BLUE HOUSE - SAME 8

Bradley looks over the hood of his car at the detritus--Chinese take-out containers, pizza boxes, soup cans, microwave dinners--and shakes his head, irked. Another large raindrop SMACKS the windshield, a divine expectoration.

Bradley twists his key, pulls it from the ignition and looks at the Honda Prelude. Within the vehicle sits LAUREN, a tall, * lean red-headed thirty-six-year-old woman with sharp Teutonic features and a white dress. A cellphone is pressed to her * right ear at present, and she talks, animated and smiling.

Bradley watches his wife, his mind heavy with the news that he is about to relate. Lauren collapses her cellphone, grabs her rearview mirror, adjusts it so that it faces her directly, and in the reflective glass, she inspects her face and neck. At present, she removes a compact from her purse and extracts a fine sable brush.

A dark suspicion grows in the watching Texan's mind.

Lauren applies powder to the left side of her throat. After a brief inspection, she sets the sable brush inside her compact, closes it and returns it to her purse.

A raindrop the size of a grape SMACKS the camaro's windshield. Bradley, eyes narrow, flings his door open and steps into the windy gray afternoon.

9 EXT. SMALL SKY BLUE HOUSE - SAME 9

Bradley closes his door and advances toward the parked gray Prelude. Nearby, the American flag SNAPS. Five strides bring the Texan to his wife's car, where he stands for a quiet moment, observing.

Inside the vehicle, Lauren brushes her red hair. Bristles catch in the messy knot that is behind her head.

A drop of rain SMACKS the top of Bradley's bare scalp and runs down the barbwire wrapped cross tattooed to the back of his skull.

With his steel wedding band, Bradley taps the window, CLINK, CLINK. Startled, Lauren flinches and turns with anxious, wide green eyes.

Husband and wife appraise each other for a silent moment. A drop of water SMACKS the glass between them and turns their faces into molten wax.

LAUREN
Why're you home?

Bradley yanks open the car door.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
What's going on? Why're you back so early?

BRADLEY
Got fired.

Lauren's eyes widen.

LAUREN
You got fired? What-

Bradley reaches down and touches two fingers to Lauren's neck. She twists away from him.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
What the hell are you doing?

Bradley glances at his fingertips--which are dusted with flesh-colored powder--and at her throat. A magenta mark lies upon the left side of her sinewy neck.

For a terrible moment, Bradley stands completely still, frozen by his anger.

Fear shines in Lauren's eyes. Raindrops SMACK upon the hood of the car and the Texan's right shoulder.

BRADLEY
Gimme your phone.

LAUREN
No.

BRADLEY
That wasn't a request.

Lauren grabs her red purse and unfastens her seat-belt, CLACK. Bradley grabs the buckle and pulls the strap tight, pinning the woman to the seat of the car.

LAUREN
Goddamn you! Let me go.

Bradley seizes the purse and yanks it from Lauren's grasp. Rain SMACKS upon the roof of the car.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Give that back!

Lauren reaches for her purse. Bradley grabs her wrist, pushes her back inside the vehicle and SLAMS the car door. He turns from her, UNZIPS the bag, and dumps out its contents. Upon the ground lie sunglasses, a wallet, make-up, a book of crossword-puzzles and the collapsed cellphone. Inside the car, Lauren stares out at her husband, horrified.

Bradley grabs the cellphone and opens it. He thumbs the familiar code, dials to the menu button, scrolls down and highlights the word, 'Call Log.'

LAUREN (CONT'D)
I've been seeing somebody.

For a ponderous moment Bradley is still. He glances at the gray clouds, SNAPS the cellphone shut and hurls it against the sky blue wall of the house, where it SHATTERS. The Texan yanks open the car door.

BRADLEY
Get in the house.

Tears coruscate in Lauren's eyes. A contained fury boils inside the betrayed man.

LAUREN
I didn't mean for this to-

Bradley POUNDS the roof of the car with his fist. Lauren flinches; her watery eyes fill with fear.

BRADLEY
Now!

Lauren wipes tears from her face, pulls the keys from the ignition and exits the car. For a moment, she looks at her furious husband. The Texan does not return her gaze, but instead stares at the ground. The tall redheaded woman strides onto the stone path, high heels CLICKING.

Bradley SLAMS the door. A drop of rain SMACKS the hood.

Lauren reaches the small front porch, inserts a brass key in the top lock and twists her hand, CLACK. Raindrops SMACK her husband and the spilled refuse. At present, the woman inserts a steel key into a bolt lock and twists it, CLACK.

LAUREN
I'm sorry.

Bradley kicks the side of the Prelude, THUD. Lauren wipes her eyes, enters the house and shuts the door.

Bradley clenches his left hand and swings at the window; his steel wedding band CLINKS against the glass. Again, he throws his fist. Flesh and steel impact the window, CRACK. He pulls his fist back behind his head and throws it into the barrier. Glass SHATTERS.

With his left hand, the Texan grabs the rearview mirror, yanks if from the ceiling, and whips it into the air. End over end it spins, beyond the white shingles of the sky blue house and into the dark gray sky.

Rain SMACKS Bradley's shoulders and the hood of the car. He glares at the sky and his house and throws his right fist into the side-view mirror; the glass CRACKS. Blood drips from his knuckles. He SLAPS the dangling mirror and it flies off of the car into the grass, bouncing.

Rain tattoos the man and his property, CRACKLING like fire.

With his right fist, Bradley punches the hood of the car, CLUNK. He throws a left hook, CLUNK, followed by a jab, CLUNK. The hood buckles. His fists are a dark purplish-red.

With strong fingers, the Texan grips the edges of the hood and pulls; metal CREAKS. His muscles tighten, and the hood GROANS, as if alive. He jerks his arms. The hood SNAPS from its hinges, peeled off like the lid of a sardine can. Bradley, heaves the hood into the street, where CLANGS upon the pavement and SKIDS.

Tears shine in the Texan's eyes. He looks at the sky blue house and the dark gray sky, dismayed. Rain CRACKLES.

Bradley punches the left headlight, CRACK. He withdraws, leaving the bloody print of his right fist upon the surface. He swings again. The plastic SHATTERS. His fist enters the CRACKLING halogen and LED components.

From the welter of shards, Bradley withdraws his arm. Bits of skin are scraped away from his fingers and knuckles.

Rain CRACKLES upon the white shingles, the betrayed man and the abused vehicle. Inside the destroyed right headlight, water collects. Water POPS and HISSES on the exposed engine.

With his bloody right hand, Bradley rubs the cross that adorns the back of his head. He looks at the sky blue house. All of the windows are dark.

Up the stone path to the front door walks the bleeding and bestial man, dripping blood.

10 INT. SMALL SKY BLUE HOUSE / FRONT HALL - SAME 10

Bradley opens the door and walks into the narrow front hall. Upon the wall are framed photographs of the couple climbing mountains and paddling kayaks.

LAUREN (O.S.)
Should I go? I can clear out of-

BRADLEY
Let’s talk.

11 INT/EXT. SMALL SKY BLUE HOUSE / DEN & DINING ROOM - SAME 11

The Texan enters a carpeted room that is furnished with a weathered sofa, a credenza and an old tube television set. Overhead, a dark wood fan circulates musty air with uneven blades. On the far side of the enclosure is a dinner table, around which four mismatched chairs are gathered.

From an open doorway, Lauren emerges, her eyes and nose red from crying. She sees her husband’s gory right hand and pauses, momentarily stunned.

LAUREN
Bradley. Let me put something-

BRADLEY
Sit.

The Texan points a crimson finger at the table. Lauren nods, takes three steps, slides a chair across the old linoleum and sits. Eleven feet away, Bradley leans against the left arm of the couch and looks down at his bloody hands.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
How long?

Lauren looks at the carpet.

LAUREN
Three months. *

The Texan nods. Against the roof, rain CRACKLES.

BRADLEY
Serious?

LAUREN
No.

Bradley glances up at Lauren's face and appraises her.

BRADLEY
Why?

LAUREN
I'm not entirely sure, but...but I was lonely. We haven't been close since- well, you know when.

Lauren's eyes sparkle. Bradley nods his head and returns his gaze to his hands.

BRADLEY
I know.

LAUREN
I thought you might've been doing the same thing. Staying out late all those nights, coming to bed after I was asleep...

BRADLEY
I wasn't. I was working. Or working out.
(he fingers his ring)
And stayin' clear.

LAUREN
I didn't know. I'm not trying to justify what I did, but communication between us-
(she shakes her head)
There hasn't been much.

BRADLEY
Did you fall off the wagon?

LAUREN
Almost, but no. Did you?

BRADLEY
No.

Lauren inhales deeply and looks at her husband.

LAUREN
You want to end it? With us?

BRADLEY
I don't know. I want things to be different than they've been. Our marriage, us, we've...

Bradley shakes his head and looks through the window at the damaged Prelude. Beyond the vehicle, one KID on a bicycle circumvents the warped hood and continue up the street.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
It's like when I go into the mini-mart at the gas station and get coffee. They have those three metal containers in their fridge-- one's got cream, one's got milk and the other's got that gray-lookin' skim stuff. And every time I go in there, the labels are faced away and I have to guess which one's the real stuff, the cream. But every time, the first container I grab is the milk or that skim stuff. It's never the one I want.
(he fingers his ring)
The law of averages says that one time outta three, I should get the cream, but it doesn't happen. Maybe if I go a thousand more times, it'll even out like it should--I'll have a run of pickin' out the cream fifty or a hundred times in a row--but I don't think so. I don't think things even out fair like that.
(quietly)
Look at us.

Lauren nods her head, dolorous. Bradley massages the cross on the back of his skull and looks up at his wife.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
I think we should try again-- try to have another baby. We've gotta pick up where things went bad for us--with the miscarriage--or we're through.

LAUREN
I thought about that too, but- but I only get called in to substitute once or twice a week these days, and you just lost your job.

BRADLEY
I know.

Somber and morbid, Bradley massages his skull.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
I'm gonna call Gil.

Lauren is stunned by Bradley's statement.

LAUREN
You're going to be a drug dealer?

BRADLEY
No. I'm goin' to drive packages for a friend. Would you call a mailman who delivered an envelope that had anthrax a terrorist?

LAUREN
That's not the same. And you said that you'd never work for Gil.

BRADLEY
So both of us are breakin' promises today.

Lauren has no response.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
I want us in a better home than this shithole. With kids. Happy. I'm tired of getting the goddamn skim milk and hoping luck will bring us the cream-- 'cause it won't. Not ever.

Bradley looks into his wife's green eyes.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
This won't be forever, I promise. Will you abide?

Tears fill Lauren's eyes, and she nods her head. She stands from her chair, SNIFFING, and walks toward her husband.

Bradley shakes his head and rises from the couch.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Give me time before you get close.

Lauren pauses and wipes her eyes. Bradley turns away from her and walks toward the front door. Outside, rain CRACKLES upon the shingles and the exposed guts of the abused vehicle.

Titlecard: Eighteen months later.

12 INT. PROJECT BUILDING / STAIRWELL WITH GRAFFITI - DAY 12

Bradley, wearing blue jeans and a black long sleeve t-shirt, ascends a stairwell that is coated with gloppy gray paint and illuminated by narrow windows that look like fort crenellations. Upon his left shoulder hangs a black backpack, laden with heavy contents.

The Texan climbs the steps to the top landing, walks toward a shut door that is marked, 'Floor 12' and pauses to survey the stairwell. All of the flights below are empty. He slides a bright key into the door, twists it and pushes forward.

13 INT. PROJECT BUILDING / FLOOR TWELVE - SAME 13

The gray door labelled 'Emergency' swings open, CREAKING. Bradley strides through the portal, eyes alert. Begrimed sunshine sneaks through the filthy skylights overhead, illuminating an empty turquoise passage that has a bare concrete floor and mismatched doors.

The Texan shuts the emergency exit--which locks automatically --and walks forward. After six strides, he passes an elevator that has a dented, faux-wood door, upon which hangs a sign reading, 'Elevator is Out of Order.' Below the printed sign, somebody has scrawled the word, 'Forever.' The Texan continues forward.

Something CLICKS. Bradley stops, thrusts his right hand into his backpack, turns around and faces the emergency exit.

A bolt CLACKS. Down the hall and to the right, a purple door swings back on its hinges and admits a BLACK WOMAN who has golden hair, large breasts, high heels, and a lavender kimono. Bradley relaxes and withdraws his hand from his backpack.

BLACK WOMAN
Hey, Johnny Rebel.

BRADLEY
Howdy.

BLACK WOMAN
You gonna give me a sample this time?

BRADLEY
Talk to your boss.

BLACK WOMAN
Let me earn it direct. I promise I'll put a great big smile on each of your nuts.

BRADLEY
No thanks. They don't want people to see their braces.

The Black Woman frowns, reenters her apartment, and shuts the door. The bolt CLACKS.

Bradley turns around and continues forward. At present, he reaches a steel-reinforced door, stops and glances over his shoulder. The hallway is empty.

With his right index finger, Bradley presses the doorbell. No sound can be heard through the thick metal barrier. A moment later, a glass circle in the center of the door brightens and an iridescent lens swivels.

MALE VOICE IN SPEAKER (O.S.)
What's the weather like?

BRADLEY
Chance of snow.

Two bolts CLACK, and the door retreats from the hallway.

14 INT. PROJECT BUILDING / SOUNDPROOF ALCOVE - SAME 14

Bradley walks into a small room that has black walls and a dangling bare light bulb. On the right side of the enclosure is a plexi-glass window, the far side of which is dark.

MALE VOICE IN SPEAKER (O.S.)
Shut the door.

Bradley closes the door. The remote-controlled bolts lock, CLACK-CLACK, and a florescent light flickers to life behind the two layers of plexi-glass, illuminating CUZ, an obese black man who wears a gold linen shirt and a holster with a semiautomatic gun.

CUZ
Put her on the scale.

Bradley reaches into his backpack, withdraws a thick bundle that is wrapped in butcher paper and slides open the outer transparent barrier. Onto the metal plate that lies between the two pieces of plexi-glass, the Texan sets his package. He slides his window shut; it CLICKS into place, locking. Cuz's eyes flicker to a dial on the wall.

CUZ (CONT'D)
(nodding)
She’s porcine.

Cuz opens his window and takes the parcel. Two gloved hands receive the package from Cuz and carry it further into the sealed-off portion of the dwelling.

15 INT/EXT. BRADLEY’S WHITE CAMARO /INNER CITY INTERSECTION - AFTERNOON 15

Bradley, listening to a cassette of country music, stops his weathered white camaro at a red light. Outside the vehicle, a skinny BLACK MAN who has meth mouth sits on a bench, having a toothless conversation with a befuddled pigeon. The Texan sees the drug addict and looks away.

The red light goes dark. At the bottom of the traffic lantern, a white bulb illuminates shards of green plastic. Bradley accelerates.

16 EXT/INT. LARGE SKY BLUE HOUSE / REMOTE CAR SHED - LATER 16

The weathered camaro RUMBLES from a weedy field through an opening and into a small metal shed. Bradley stops the car, kills the engine, exits, shuts the door and walks around to the rear bumper.

With the fingers of his right hand, the Texan undoes the twist latches above the license plate, CLICK-CLICK. The metal identification CLANKS upon the ground. Revealed upon the back of the car is a second license plate.

Bradley slides the fake plate into a niche behind the circuit breaker, and also secrets a folded sheet of paper labelled “vehicle registration” and an alternate driver’s license with his photo and the name ‘Douglas Whitford.’

17 EXT. LARGE SKY BLUE HOUSE / REMOTE CAR SHED - MOMENTS LATER 17

Bradley closes the shed door, CLANK, unfolds its latches, hooks two padlocks and closes them, CLICK-CLICK. After dusting his shirt, he turns around and walks into the field of tall weeds, beyond which lies a wooded area.

18 EXT. LARGE SKY BLUE HOUSE - DAY 18

Bradley emerges from the wooded area and walks onto a driveway that leads to a large sky blue house, which presides over a five-acre lawn. He passes a sharp black 1969 Mustang--running his fingertips along its side--and a new gray Lexus.

Toward the front door of the large edifice, Bradley strides. An American flag SNAPS above the entrance.

19 INT. LARGE SKY BLUE HOUSE / FRONT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 19

Bradley enters the house; an alarm BEEPS. He types in the security code, BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP, and the shrill ululation stops. After shutting the door, the Texan walks through a beige and white enclosure, the walls of which support a mirror and pictures of the couple climbing mountains, paddling kayaks, snow skiing, and aboard a gondola in Venice.

20 INT. LARGE SKY BLUE HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - SAME 20

Bradley walks into a large living room that has beige leather sofas, shag carpets of the same color, an enormous high definition television and curvilinear wood tables. Vintage acoustic guitars adorn the walls, hung from pegs by their necks. In an adjacent space, something CLACKS.

The Texan walks toward the noise, shaking his head.

21 INT. LARGE SKY BLUE HOUSE / KITCHEN - SAME 21

The kitchen is covered with salmon-hued wallpaper and the floor is tiled with terracota squares. At the beige marble island in the center of the room stands Lauren, wearing a large orange apron and holding a sharp chef knife over a cutting board, upon which lie chopped bell peppers. Bradley enters the room and looks at his wife.

BRADLEY
What’re you doin’?

LAUREN
The ritual that happens after you buy the groceries and before you eat them.

Bradley shakes his head and walks toward his wife. She chops, CLACK-CLACK, CLACK-CLACK

BRADLEY
I don’t want you handling a knife right now.

LAUREN
Or driving. Or teaching. Or cleaning. Or...anything.

Bradley points at the chef knife.

BRADLEY
Please put that down.

LAUREN
I’m competent.

BRADLEY
What if you cut yourself? Started bleedin’ and passed out? Spilled boilin’ water or something?

Lauren sets the blade down, CLINK, and removes her apron. Underneath lies her blue maternity dress, which bulges significantly at her stomach.

LAUREN
How come you let me work in ‘The Kitchen of Perils’ before I was pregnant? Should I be offended?

Bradley walks around the island.

BRADLEY
You’re resilient.

Bradley playfully SMACKS his wife’s posterior, a lupine grin upon his face.

LAUREN
Are we going to have takeout for the next four months?

BRADLEY
I can grill things.

Bradley kisses Lauren on the lips, and sets his right palm upon her belly. After a full moment, they withdraw.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
How’s the koala?

LAUREN
She’s good.

BRADLEY
Mama koala?

LAUREN
Good. But my feet hurt.

BRADLEY
Because you shouldn’t be on them.

Bradley scoops his wife from the floor and carries her toward the stairwell.

LAUREN
How was work?

BRADLEY
It was.

The Texan kisses his wife upon the forehead and climbs up the burnished wood steps of their home.

22 INT. LARGE SKY BLUE HOUSE / SECOND FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER 22

Bradley carries Lauren along a hall that has beige wallpaper and white carpets. Before an open doorway, the Texan stops.

The Thomases look through the portal. Across the sunlit yellow room is a crib and two wall-mounted shelves filled with neatly-arranged books for infants and toddlers. From the ceiling depends a mobile of checkered cows.

BRADLEY
Too much sun this time of day.
Need to put some curtains in here.

LAUREN
Green ones.

Upon Bradley's belt, a phone BUZZES. He turns away from the baby's room, holding his wife in his arms.

23 INT. LARGE SKY BLUE HOUSE / MASTER BEDROOM - SAME 23

Bradley carries Lauren across the sky blue master bedroom. Again, the cellphone BUZZES. The Texan sets his wife upon the mattress, kisses her forehead and stomach, plucks his phone from his belt, glances at the display, unfolds the device, and presses it to his ear.

BRADLEY
Howdy.
(he listens)
Okay. I'll be over.
(he listens)
Adios.

Bradley SNAPS his phone shut.

LAUREN
Gil?

Bradley nods.

24 INT/EXT. BRADLEY'S VINTAGE 1969 BLACK MUSTANG / WEALTHY NEIGHBORHOOD - MOMENTS LATER 24

Bradley steers his mint condition vintage car off of the golden, twilit highway and into a wealthy residential area. The ocean sparkles at his right shoulder.

25 INT/EXT. BRADLEY'S VINTAGE 1969 BLACK MUSTANG / ENORMOUS GRAY 25
MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

The Texan guides his car up a long driveway, toward a black gate in the center of a gray stone wall. Bradley cranks his * window down and waves his left hand at the security camera. * The gate CLANKS and rolls to the right. Beyond the opening stands a large gray mansion that looms like a mountain.

26 EXT. ENORMOUS GRAY MANSION / CAR LOT - MOMENTS LATER 26

Bradley pulls his backpack over his right shoulder, shuts the trunk of his mustang, THUNK, walks past a black Lamborghini, and approaches the oaken front doors of the mansion.

27 INT/EXT. ENORMOUS GRAY MANSION / FRONT HALL - MOMENTS LATER 27

A chime RINGS. JILL, a twenty-two-year-old blonde wearing a tight denim dress with silver trim, silver cowboy boots, and a big smile, walks up the wide hall, which is adorned with paintings of mountains and horses and the latter being ridden by cowboys over the former. The petite woman opens the door. * Outside stands Bradley.

BRADLEY
Good evenin'.

JILL
Nice to see you! Come in.

Jill steps back from the door. Bradley enters.

BRADLEY
Your dad picked out that outfit?

JILL
He did! Do you like it?

BRADLEY
It's zesty.

Jill's enormous smile grows. Bradley surveys the wide hall.

JILL
He's in the pool room.

BRADLEY
The one with the pool or the one with the pool table?

JILL
The table. He calls it the Billiard Room, but I don't know... It's just pool he plays in there.

BRADLEY
Thanks.

28 INT. ENORMOUS GRAY MANSION / BILLIARD ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 28

Bradley descends six steps and walks into a room that has gray walls, a white marble bar, three pinball machines and a black pool table at which stands GIL, a leathery man of forty-six with a black shirt, red jeans, long brown hair, a beard, and equal amounts of muscle and flab. He looks over at his guest, appraises him, and returns his gaze to the table.

GIL *
What's up.

BRADLEY
Hey.

Gil nods at the bar.

GIL
In the fridge. Jill got you some of that faggoty mineral water.

BRADLEY
Didn't now that H-2-O's got a sexual orientation.

Bradley walks over and sets the heavy black backpack upon the marble.

Gil thrusts the haft of his cue; the white ball CLACKS against a striped nine, knocking it into a pocket, THUD. Bradley pours himself a glass of mineral water.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Where's this guy?

Gil circles the table with his cue, looking for his next shot, rubbing blue chalk.

GIL
En route. How was the transaction?

BRADLEY
There's never a problem with Cuz.

Gil drives the cue ball across the table; it CLACKS into a ten, which summarily flies into a side pocket, THUD.

GIL
I like that nigger.
(he thinks)
Or is it "nigga"--with an "a" at the end--when you're sayin' it nice?

BRADLEY *
I don’t think someone like you can *
say that word any way polite.

GIL
How’s Lauren?

BRADLEY
Good.

GIL
When’s she dumpin’ out your little one?

BRADLEY
One hundred and twenty-six days.

Gil looks at Bradley, grins, leans over and sights a shot.

GIL
You plannin’ on stayin’ in the delivery room?

Bradley swallows water and sets his glass upon the bar.

BRADLEY
Of course. That’s a somethin’ I wouldn’t give up for anything.

GIL
Plug up your nose. And wear sunglasses so nobody’ll know when you’re shuttin’ you eyes.

BRADLEY
I want to watch our little girl draw her first breath. That’s a moment.

GIL
It’s a moment for certain. Especially if gory diarrhea-

A bell CHIMES.

GIL (CONT'D)
That’ll be Eleazar.

BRADLEY
He’s a new source?

GIL
If this deal goes well, I’m partnerin’ with him. He’s got lines to Mexico and a steady stream of good, cheap crystal. He wants to meet you before the pickup.

Gil drives the cue ball across the table; it KNOCKS the eleven into a pocket. Heavy FOOTSTEPS sound on the stairwell.

BRADLEY
Sounds like he brought amigos.

GIL
Mexican's ain't comfortable by themselves. You know how they grow up-
(he puts his cue stick on the wall)
Five in a bed. Ten beds per adobe.

From the stairwell emerges PEDRO, a broad-shouldered fellow wearing a black suit and a goatee. Following him is ELEAZAR, a lean Mexican-American man of fifty years with a pockmarked face, a short neat beard, a sharp nose, close-cropped receding hair, and black silk clothing. *

GIL (CONT'D)
Good evenin'.

Gil and Eleazar shake hands. Bradley circumspectly observes his boss's new associate.

GIL (CONT'D)
This is Bradley.
(he gestures to Bradley)
My top runner.

Bradley extends his right hand; Eleazar clasps the appendage.

BRADLEY
Howdy.

Eleazar grins; all of the teeth on the left side of his jaw--upper and lower--are missing; a black niche sits between his bare gums. For a ponderous moment, the slender Mexican stares at the big American. Bradley returns the gaze, stern and direct. They release each other and nod amicably.

ELEAZAR
Nice to meet you.
(he points at his associate)
Pedro is one of the men who will accompany you during the pickup.

Pedro nods his head and Bradley returns the salutation. Heavy boots THUD upon the stairwell.

ELEAZAR (CONT'D)
This is Roman, the other.

ROMAN, a muscular and dark-skinned Peruvian wearing a black sweat suit and a frown, walks into the room and glances around, eyes flickering. Upon the left side of his face is a large tribal tattoo.

Bradley appraises the man and shakes his head.

BRADLEY
I'm not doing a pick up with him.

Roman bristles. Eleazar holds up his hand.

ELEAZAR
For what reason?

BRADLEY
He looks like he's using.

Roman flares his nostrils like a bull and walks toward Bradley. Eleazar glances at Pedro; the stout Mexican interposes himself between the two muscular fellows.

ELEAZAR
Roman has been clean for two years-- I test my employees. He is reliable and knows what to do in adverse situations.

BRADLEY
Sorry, but words from a stranger don't trump instinct.

GIL
Bradley.
(to Eleazar)
Give us a moment.

Eleazar gestures with open palms.

ELEAZAR
Please...

Gil puts his left arm over Bradley's shoulders and walks him toward the pinball machines.

GIL
(quietly)
I need you to go along-- to protect my interests. Our interests. Eleazar swears by the guy. And it ain't like you never had any problems yourself.

BRADLEY
That's fourteen years done. And a bottle isn't the same as junk.

Gil looks Bradley in the face and shakes his head.

GIL
Don't kid yourself 'bout that-- look at my brother and your pa. Boozin' is a bad decision that leads to ten thousand more and then the last one.

Bradley looks across the room at Roman. The Peruvian glares back, boldly.

BRADLEY
He's juiced. Maybe not junk or m-

GIL
Bradley. I like workin' with you, seein' you live the good life and start up a family. Don't make me give you an ultimatum.

BRADLEY
Sounds like you just gave me one.

GIL
I can't put Oscar or Tom or Randolph on this-- elbow to elbow with guys like those, on a shipment this big. I need you. Help me set up this partnership, and I'll give you two months off when your little girl is born.

BRADLEY
Three.

Relieved, Gil relaxes.

GIL
Done.

Gil SLAPS Bradley on the back. The Texans turn around and walk toward the Latinos.

BRADLEY
(to Eleazar)
I'll go. But if a situation comes up, I've got the reins.

ELEAZAR
They shall mind you.

Bradley looks at Pedro; the stout Mexican nods his head. At the door, the muscular Peruvian CRACKS his knuckles.

BRADLEY
Roman. Look at me.

The Peruvian looks at Bradley.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
If I say “dump the package,” what do you do?

ROMAN
Dump.

Bradley looks at Gil and nods.

29 INT. LARGE SKY BLUE HOUSE / MASTER BEDROOM - SAME 29

Bradley, wearing only black boxer shorts, lies awake beside his sleeping wife, whose body is covered by an iridescent rose nightgown. Through the skylight above, the restless man stares. Stars sparkle and thoughts swim.

He turns onto his side, lifts his right hand and gently runs his fingertips along his wife’s neck, over her right shoulder, down her ribs, across her right hip and onto her swollen stomach.

Bradley draws a deep breath and holds still. After a frozen moment, his cupped hand moves one-sixteenth of an inch. A smile brightens his face.

BRADLEY
(whispered)
I felt her.

Lauren, asleep, does not respond.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
(whispered)
I felt you. I felt you.

Joyful tears shine in the Texan’s eyes.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
One hundred and twenty-five days.

30 EXT. MARINA / PARKING LOT - BEFORE DAWN 30

The eastern horizon shows a hint of lavender, but black night still presides in the west. Below the vault, the white camaro glides into the large marina parking lot, which has only ten cars. Headlights turn night bugs into white sparks.

Bradley, wearing a black jacket and dark blue jeans, steers his car into an empty parking space and stops.

A moment later, a dark blue 1973 Buick Riviera low-rider pulls alongside the camaro. Inside the cab of the truck sit Roman, who is at the wheel, and Pedro;

the Peruvian wears a charcoal jacket and black jeans, and the Mexican wears a charcoal jogging outfit. The Texan nods his head at the men. Roman returns the salutation and Pedro waves.

Bradley, Pedro and Roman exit their vehicles, sling backpacks over their shoulders, shut their doors, THUNK, THUNK, THUNK, and walk across the pavement, toward a white wood dock that is painted dark lavender by the dim eastern sky. The Texan surveys the area, but sees nothing that concerns him.

As the men walk, Bradley glances at his associates and descries two rectilinear bulges in Roman's jacket, one beneath each armpit. The Texan SNORTS and frowns.

31 EXT. MARINA / DOCKS - SAME 31

The three men walk onto the white wood dock, which has been painted the color of a bruise by the eastern sky. Against the planks, their heavy boots CLOP like horse hooves. The nearby boats undulate upon the choppy water, restless.

Bradley surveys the dark purple windows of the larger boats and the tarpaulins atop the smaller crafts, but sees nothing that causes him any concern. Lines CREAK like the floorboards in an old house.

Something SNAPS. Bradley turns his head and sees a blue tarpaulin waver atop the wheel house of a yacht, pulled loose by the wind. Again, the fabric SNAPS.

Bradley glances at Roman; the Peruvian's right hand is tucked underneath his jacket.

BRADLEY
Hold right here.

Roman and Pedro stop. Bradley faces the Peruvian.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Put your hands in you back pockets.

Roman open his mouth.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Go against me and you two can swim out and do the pick up.

PEDRO
Roman. Escuchele.

Roman slides his hands into his back pockets, fuming.

Bradley reaches under the Peruvian's jacket, withdraws a handgun and tosses it off of the dock into the water, PLUNK. Roman boils, emasculated and embarrassed.

Bradley reaches underneath the man's other arm, withdraws a second gun and tosses it into the water, PLUNK.

BRADLEY
Don't want you shootin' any innocent tarps.
(he SNORTS)
Turn around.

Roman, teeth clenched, turns around. Bradley pats the man down, UNZIPS his backpack, looks inside and points west.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Walk in front of me.

Roman walks, succeeded by Bradley and Pedro. A brown yacht named, 'The Lazy Shark' THUDS against a padded pole. Smaller boats nod like rocking horses.

Up the dock, the trio continues. Bradley and Pedro survey the surrounding boats; Roman broods.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
That one.

Bradley points to a black and gray, bullet-shaped, forty-six foot long Rider XP speed boat that is moored on the left side of the dock. The three men stride from the central walk to the perpendicular lane that parallels the vehicle. Choppy waters cause the tip of the craft to stab at the empty air.

PEDRO *
Blanco, this is yours? *

BRADLEY
Gil's.

Pedro leaps onto the sun deck of the rocking boat, THUD, and clasps a rail. Bradley unwinds a mooring and tosses the coil inside. Roman jumps into the craft, THUD. The Texan tosses another line inside and leaps into the boat, THUD.

On the right side of deck sits a chrome steering wheel, surmounted by two stainless steel bull horns.

The Texan walks in front of the driver's seat, slides a key in the ignition and twists his hand; the engine RUMBLES. Vapors rise from the back of the bullet-shaped craft. At present, the Texan CLICKS the throttle and pulls back; the RUMBLING slows and becomes a thick CHUGGING noise. The boat withdraws from the dock.

A wave skews the alignment of the craft, and Bradley notches the trim tab CLICK. For a moment, the boat drifts, quiet and slow. Bradley eyes his associates, spins the wheel to the right, watches the sharp nose of the craft swing to left, CLICKS the throttle and shifts forward. The engine RUMBLES.

32 EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - SAME 32

The boat glides into the open ocean. Bradley looks at the compass that is embedded in the dashboard and adjusts the wheel. Dim stars scroll across the prow.

Pedro kicks off his sneakers and removes his sweatshirt, revealing the top half of a dark green steamer wet suit. He drops his pants, revealing the rest of his aquatic apparel. From his backpack, he withdraws two flippers.

Roman withdraws a pair of bolt cutters. The Texan glances at the Peruvian, turns forward and pulls back on the throttle. The boat slows.

Bradley CLICKS on the headlights. Directly in front of the craft floats a line of spherical orange buoys, bobbing on the surface. Affixed to the sides of each marker are glimmering white reflectors.

After toggling the trim and achieving stasis, Bradley CLICKS on a floodlight and pans it north, across the line of buoys. The reflectors sparkle with white light. At present, he sweeps the light in the opposite direction. White light sparkles on eleven reflectors, skips over two buoys, and sparkles on the markers beyond the dark pair.

BRADLEY
That’s them.

Pedro nods. Bradley CLICKS off the floodlight, CLICKS off the headlights, turns the wheel south, CLICKS the throttle and eases the boat forward. The engine PURRS.

The boat glides alongside the two dark buoys; black tape covers their reflectors. The Texan CLICKS the throttle, eases the craft into neutral and cuts the trim. Upon undulating waves, the boat sits. Bradley looks at Pedro, who pulls a diving mask over his face.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Cut her loose.

33 EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN / UNDERWATER - SAME 33

Pedro SPLASHES into the dark water, settles, reaches into his mesh bag and withdraws a black cylinder. A narrow beam of light emerges from the flashlight and plays across the ropes that hold the buoys in place. The swimmer aims lower. Twenty-five feet below the surface, the light divines a dark green trunk that is the size of a coffin.

Pedro swims back to the surface, treads water for a moment and submerges himself once again, lungs full. Secured to his mesh bag by a rubber thong are the bolt cutters.

Toward the dark green trunk, Pedro swims, quickly, expertly.

He shines his light underneath the container and sees two steel chains that recede into the dark abyss. After securing the flashlight to his belt, Pedro takes the bolt cutters, opens them and sets the shears to a link. He closes the handles. Metal CLINKS.

Toward the abyss fall the two halves of a severed link. The right side of the trunk rises, but the remaining line keeps the container submerged. Pedro cuts the second chain, CLINK. Halved links twist toward the abyss, and the dark green trunk races to the surface.

34 EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - SAME 34

From the dark water surfaces the trunk. Bradley and Roman lean over the starboard side of the craft, grab the container's handles and pull it from the water. Muscles strain against the heavy burden.

Onto the sun deck, the men set the dripping trunk, THUD. Nearby, Pedro surfaces from the water and swims toward the boat. The engine PURRS.

Bradley returns to the wheel. Roman helps Pedro climb into the craft. Wet flippers SLAP the sun deck; the Texan CLICKS and pushes the throttle. The PURR becomes a RUMBLE.

BRADLEY
Get rid of that trunk.

Roman jams a crowbar into the lid of the dark green trunk and presses down. Nails CREAK. He exerts more force and the lid pops off. Inside the waterproof container is a partially-inflated raft. Roman plunges a cobalt knife into the rubber; it POPS and HISSES. Across the fabric, he runs the blade.

Pedro pulls the deflated raft from the trunk, revealing three black garbage bags, each filled with air. Roman plunges his knife into the plastic, POP.

Bradley glances at the Latinos and turns his gaze forward, toward the distant docks.

Pedro rends cheap plastic, revealing a waterproof blue duffel bag. He claims the heavy luggage and tosses it onto the sun deck, THUMP. Roman POPS another garbage bag; Pedro tears it open and extracts a second blue duffel. The Peruvian POPS the final bag and the Mexican claims the final duffel. The Latinos dump the wooden trunk overboard, SPLASH, and toss the deflated raft and garbage bags after it.

ROMAN
Help keep America beautiful.

Bradley frowns and adjusts the wheel. Beyond the prow of the boat and above the glowing dock, the eastern sky admits a hint of blue dawn.

The Texan CLICKS the throttle and pulls it to the vertical position; the vehicle drifts. He glances at the waterproof duffel bags on the sun deck and looks ahead. Turning the wheel to the left and toggling the trim, he steers the boat into the open port, its engine PURRING.

A34 EXT. MARINA / DOCKS - SAME A34

BRADLEY
Tie her down.

Pedro jumps from the starboard side of the boat and lands upon the dock, THUD. Roman picks up a coiled rope and tosses it to the Mexican, who catches it and pulls landward. The front of the boat gently THUMPS a rubber pole. Around the metal tie, Pedro wraps the line, quick and tight. Roman tosses the other rope.

Bradley cuts the ignition, surveys the area, withdraws the key and walks to the duffels. Onto the dock he tosses the first bag, THUMP, the second, THUMP, and the third, THUMP.

Roman climbs onto the dock beside Pedro. The Mexican SLAPS a semiautomatic pistol into the Peruvian's hands. Bradley pulls his revolver from his bag.

PEDRO
Chill Blanco. Tranquil. *
(he holds up his palms)
Is only for protection.

Bradley eyes Roman; the Peruvian smirks and waves the gun.

ROMAN
Pick-up's done, Blanco. Try'n take *
this one and I'll break your jaw.

Bradley coolly eyes Roman. A moment later, the Peruvian looks away, slides his semiautomatic into his holster and picks up one of the blue duffels. Pedro leans over and grabs the adjacent bag with his left hand. Bradley replaces his revolver, climbs onto the dock and claims the final duffel.

Tacitly, the three men walk from the narrow ramp to the central white wood dock. Upon the wide planks, their boots CLOP like horse hooves. The azure dawn colors everything.

The wind WHISTLES and SNAPS tarpaulin. Bradley monitors the ships, which waver and rock upon the water. Hulls THUD against foam and SQUEAK against rubber. Lines CREAK.

Something catches the Texan's attention. Floating in the water is an extinguished cigarette.

Bradley looks at the nearby houseboat and surveys its window. Behind the glass, something shifts. The Texan pitches his duffel into the water, SPLASH. It sinks.

BRADLEY
Dump. We'll pick them up later.

ROMAN
No. I'm-

Bradley grabs the handle of Roman's duffel bag; the Peruvian bristles. Footsteps CLATTER nearby. From the inside of the brown houseboat emerge two SILHOUETTED MEN. Roman releases his duffel bag.

FALLEN OFFICER
Police! Put your hands-

Roman points his gun and squeezes, BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG. Muzzle light illuminates two brass stars. A tall Policeman SLAMS against the back of the deck and GROANS. The other officer grabs his bleeding shoulder and lunges behind the wheelhouse. Spent shells CLINK upon the dock.

Bradley seizes Roman's right wrist and twists it; the semiautomatic CLATTERS upon the dock. The Texan kicks it into the water, PLUNK.

Pedro points his gun at Bradley's forehead.

PEDRO *
Blanco. Release him. *

Bradley glares at Pedro and releases Roman. The Peruvian swings a left fist across the Texan's face, WHACK, and throws a knee into his stomach, THUMP. Bradley doubles over.

FIRST OFFICER (O.S.)
Terrence? How are you?

The Latinos snatch their duffel bags and hasten up the dock, feet POUNDING. Bradley looks at his retreating associates.

FALLEN OFFICER (O.S.)
I--fuck--I can't move my legs.

Bradley hastens up the dock, his work boots POUNDING the planks. Ahead of him, Roman and Pedro turn right, enter the parking lot and careen toward the dark blue low-rider.

The Texan glances further east, toward the adjacent highway. His stomach sinks, and he stops running.

BRADLEY
Hell.

B34 EXT. MARINA / PARKING LOT - SAME B34

Into the parking lot speeds a police cruiser, lights flashing like a hangover, followed by a second and third undercover vehicle, sirens WAILING. The megaphone attached to the foremost car CRACKLES, HISSES and broadcasts a stern voice- *

POLICE OFFICER #1 (MEGAPHONE)
Drop your weapons and put your hands in the air!

Roman and Pedro point their guns at the closest car and squeeze their triggers, BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG. Tires BURST. The windshield SHATTERS, and a man YELLS.

The color drains from Bradley's face.

BRADLEY
No. Jesus, no.

Across the pavement, the bullet-riddled car SKIDS, HISSING smoke. The Latinos reach the low-rider and SLAM against the concealed side of it. The second and third undercover vehicles SKID and stop behind the damaged car. * *

C34 EXT. MARINA / DOCKS - SAME C34

Bradley turns away from the engagement and looks west. Thirty yards away lies Gil's speedboat.

Bradley pulls his key ring from his belt, eyes the brown houseboat in which the injured policemen lie and hastens toward Gil's bullet-shaped Rider XP.

Distant GUNSHOTS echo behind the Texan.

Another man YELLS.

Bradley pauses and looks back toward the marina parking lot.

D34 EXT. MARINA / PARKING LOT - SAME D34

Concealed behind the low-rider are Pedro and Roman. The latter reaches into the truck and raises a bench cushion.

Bradley looks at the opposition. On the far side of the smoking police cruiser stand five POLICEMEN with drawn guns, shielded by open doors.

POLICE OFFICER #1
Come out right now or-

ROMAN
Eat a dick, pig! And get ready for 9/11 Part Two! *

From the cab of the truck, Roman withdraws a fully-automatic Mac 10 machine gun, which he hands to Pedro. The Mexican pulls the cocking handle, CLACK-CLACK.

E34 EXT. MARINA / DOCKS - SAME E34

Bradley turns away from the speedboat and hastens toward the confrontation.

BRADLEY
(muttering)
Stupid, stupid assholes.

F34 EXT. MARINA / PARKING LOT - SAME F34

Roman withdraws a hand grenade.

Bradley continues toward the fight. Fury shines in his narrowed eyes.

BRADLEY
Goddamn you.

Roman pulls the pin from the grenade and whips his arm sideways. The explosive skips across thirty yards of pavement--kissing it intermittently--and rolls underneath the axle of the car on the right. The Policemen on either side of the vehicle disperse. *

The blue dawn is split by a white glare and a thunderous BOOM. The cruiser EXPLODES, and a fleeing policemen is knocked flat. Somebody inside the car SCREAMS. * *

Bradley, horrified, runs full speed toward land, work boots POUNDING. He is thirty-five yards away from his associates.

Pedro rises from concealment and points his Mac 10 at the opposition; a flower of white light burgeons from the tip of his gun, CRACKLING like popcorn. Bullets CLINK along the grill of the last functioning car and separate the prostrated officer's right arm from his torso.

Pedro ducks behind the low-rider. Flashes of light CRACKLE within the veil of smoke that obscures the Policemen. The low-rider shakes, absorbing bullets, CLANK-CLANK-CLANK. Roman reaches inside the truck.

Twenty yards away, Bradley aims his revolver at Pedro. The Mexican sees the onrushing Texan and raises his gun.

Bradley fires, BANG-BANG-BANG. Pedro SLAMS against the low-rider and stumbles beyond its safety. Four Policemen fire at the exposed target, BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG. Pedro is knocked sideways and lands on his knees.

ROMAN
Pedro!

The Policemen fire, BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG. Bullets lance Pedro's face, replacing his eyes, nose, teeth and forehead with black holes. The Mexican collapses.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
No!

Roman pulls the cocking handle on his Mac 10 and turns toward Bradley. Fifteen yard away, the Texan fires, BANG-BANG.

The Peruvian's back SLAMS into the low-rider; a bullet hole appears beside him, CLANK. He raises his machine gun.

Bradley turns away and jumps off of the dock. The Mac 10 CRACKLES.

35 EXT. MARINA / UNDERNEATH THE DOCK - SAME 35

The Texan SPLASHES into the water. Overhead, a barrage of WHISTLING bullets SHATTER yacht windows and perforate hulls.

Bradley shoves his gun into his belt and swims between the wood pilings underneath the dock. Something CLATTERS across the planks overhead, rolling.

Bradley ducks into the water, PLUNK.

Atop the wood, the grenade EXPLODES. Splinters spray into the water, lancing Bradley's exposed back.

The Texan rises from the water and looks up at the large hole that has been blasted in the wood. Something CLACKS.

ROMAN (O.S.)
Eight ball, corner pocket.

Bradley dives south. A hand grenade drops through the orifice, PLUNKS into the water and erupts, BOOM. Shrapnel tears into the Texan's right leg.

Gritting his teeth and bleeding dark blood, the Texan swims further south. (In the parking lot above, gunfire CRACKLES.)

POLICEMAN (O.S.)
James isn't moving! James isn't-

(Gunfire in the lot CRACKLES.) Bradley swims underneath the dock, reaches a piling and wraps his arms around its barnacled surface. Slowly and carefully, he climbs up from the water. Sharp protrusions dig into his palms and tug at his clothing.

POLICE OFFICER #1 (O.S.)
Throw down your-

ROMAN (O.S.)
Pigs! This is what I'll throw! *

Bradley nears the top of the piling. He reaches for the edge of the dock, but loses his grip and drops two inches. Barnacles cut into his jacket, palms and chin. He grinds his teeth, chewing his agonies.

(Something EXPLODES in the parking lot.) Again, Bradley climbs to the top of the piling, extends his right arm and grabs the edge of the dock. Once his hold is secure, he grips the plank with his other hand. (Gunfire CRACKLES.) The Texan raises himself and looks over the edge. In front of him lies a deserted part of the parking lot.

36 EXT. MARINA / PARKING LOT - SAME 36

Bradley pulls himself onto the dock, hunches over and creeps forward. Shrapnel CLINKS upon the pavement, and he stops. From the sole of his work boot he pulls a metal shard; blood drains from the hole.

The Texan limps forward, kneels beside a gray car and glances around its front bumper. Thirty feet away, Roman sits with his right shoulder to the low-rider, a Mac 10 with an extended clip in each of his hands. Further north, two more police cars enter the parking lot, sirens WAILING.

POLICE OFFICER #1
Throw down your-

Roman rises from behind the low-rider, points his Mac 10s toward the opposition and squeezes both triggers. From the tips of the vibrating weapons, fire blossoms, white against the blue dawn, CRACKLING.

Bradley runs directly at Roman's exposed back.

The Peruvian points his blazing automatics at the new cruisers. Headlights BURSTS and a windshield SHATTERS.

The Texan SLAMS the Peruvian's face into metal; his nose SNAPS. Both Mac 10s fall and CLANK upon the truck bed.

The Peruvian elbows the Texan in the stomach, THUD. Bradley slams his foe's chin into the side of the truck; Roman's jaw SNAPS. The Peruvian sags against the vehicle, unconscious.

POLICE OFFICER #3
Freeze or we'll shoot!

Bradley looks across the truck bed and sees two Policemen, one black and one white, approaching him with guns raised. Behind them lies a dead officer and another convulsive man with a gory face.

POLICE OFFICER #4
Hands behind your head! Now!

Upon the barbwire-wrapped cross that is tattooed to the back of his skull, Bradley places his dripping, bloody hands. He exhales smoke and tilts his head forward.

37 INT. POLICE PRECINCT / INTERROGATION ROOM - NOON 37

A few rays of sunlight sneak through the blinds that cover the only window in the small teal room. Beneath a fluorescent bulb and seated at a metal table that has been bolted to the floor is Bradley, handcuffed and brooding, filled with recriminations. Bandages stick to his chin and wrap his hands. Directly across from him is an empty chair and on the far wall hangs an American flag.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Do you want to burn it?

Bradley looks up. Through the doorway walks DETECTIVE FUNG, a Chinese-American man of thirty-five years with silver hair, a dark blue suit, shiny skin, and a wry smirk.

DETECTIVE FUNG
Wipe your ass with it? Tear it into little pieces and send them to Putin?

The detective turns away from the Texan and closes the door.

BRADLEY
No. I have one over my front door.

DETECTIVE FUNG
So you're a patriot?

Bradley does not respond. Detective Fung turns around and walks toward the empty chair.

DETECTIVE FUNG (CONT'D)
I am only a third generation American--and I assume that your family tree goes all the way back to The War of Northern Aggression--but it seems to me that perhaps there are better ways to demonstrate your love for this country than by distributing poison to sick and impoverished people.
(he points to the chair)
May I sit?

BRADLEY
I'm gonna assume that's rhetorical.

DETECTIVE FUNG
You would prefer for me to leave?

BRADLEY
I'm not goin' to tell you anything you want to hear. And prison'll give me plenty of time to look at guys I don't like.

DETECTIVE FUNG
What is it that you think I want to hear? The names of your associates? The people who profit from your hard work while they wipe their dirty asses with that-

Detective Fung points to the American flag. The Texan looks at the Chinese-American and SNORTS.

DETECTIVE FUNG (CONT'D)
You can pretend that you don't care, but I saw the tapes. I saw you put down those lowlifes when they went up against the police, even though you could've gotten away clean. And I knew before you told me that you had an American flag at your home. Actually, I assumed that you had more than one.

BRADLEY
I've got two.

Detective Fung sits in the chair.

DETECTIVE FUNG
Because of your selfless actions, no officers were killed at the event. You proved that you know the difference between right and wrong--that you are a moral person.
(MORE)

DETECTIVE FUNG (CONT'D)
So please help us. Give us some names. Or at least one important name.

Bradley looks down at his bandaged and manacled hands.

DETECTIVE FUNG (CONT'D)
Whom do you work for?

BRADLEY
I work alone.

The detective does not believe the Texan’s response, but he decides not comment upon it.

DETECTIVE FUNG
Who supplies you with crystal?

BRADLEY
Some guy.

DETECTIVE FUNG
What’s his name?

BRADLEY
I forgot.

DETECTIVE FUNG
Would you remember if I showed you a list of names?

BRADLEY
Don’t like to read. Won’t even see a movie if it’s got subtitles.

DETECTIVE FUNG
How about if I read the names aloud? You wouldn’t have to say anything, only nod your head if-

BRADLEY
I’ll narrow it down for you. What’s your name?

DETECTIVE FUNG
Lawrence Fung.

BRADLEY
That wasn’t it.

DETECTIVE FUNG
You find this situation humorous?

BRADLEY
Your tricks are.

DETECTIVE FUNG
These aren't "tricks." Every once in a while I see a man in that chair who should've been on this side of the table-- a man with principles who had a run of bad luck and went the wrong way.

The words resonate inside Bradley. After a ponderous moment, he shakes his head.

BRADLEY
I'm not gonna talk.

DETECTIVE FUNG
Even though it's your first offense, you're looking at four years, maybe five. And you know that drug traffickers actually serve those sentences.

BRADLEY
I'm aware that the system is harder on guys who distribute drugs than it is on men who commit acts of violence against women and children. You think that's fair?

DETECTIVE FUNG
Have you seen a man with meth mouth? Or a fourteen year-old girl addicted to-

BRADLEY
Larry. I'm not gonna argue with you or give you any info. I know what I did and I know what the sentence is gonna be. It's done.

DETECTIVE FUNG
You have other options.

BRADLEY
I don't.

Bradley looks down at his manacled hands, his mouth tightly shut. The disappointed detective nods his head and puts his palms upon the metal table.

DETECTIVE FUNG
Your wife told me that you are about to have a baby girl.
(he rises from his seat)
You will be in prison when your child crawls across the carpet for the first time, and when she grows her first tooth.
(MORE)

DETECTIVE FUNG (CONT'D)
And you will be in prison when she says her first word ... though you can be sure it won't be "Daddy."

Bradley, smoldering, clenches his jaw. Detective Fung walks to the door, pauses, twists the handle and pulls.

DETECTIVE FUNG (CONT'D)
Apparently, it's more important for you to protect some scumbag drug lords than it is for you to have those experiences with your girl-- or for her to have them with you.

Into the hallway, the detective walks. He shuts the door, THUNK. Upon the table, Bradley's clenched fists are shaking.

38 INT. POLICE PRECINCT / VISITING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 38

The visiting room is a stark white windowless enclosure with BUZZING fluorescent lights. On the west side of the room * sits Bradley, handcuffed and brooding, his fists on the table in front of him. At his right shoulder stands a BLACK OFFICER holding a sports magazine.

A lock CLACKS, echoing loudly throughout the spare enclosure. Bradley looks up from his clenched hands. A face appears in the small wire-reenforced window-- a HISPANIC OFFICER with a mustache. At present, the door opens and reveals a dim gray hallway in which stands Lauren, wearing a sky blue maternity dress, her eyes red and swollen.

Bradley nods a salutation. Tears fill Lauren's eyes and she stares, stunned by the sight of her manacled husband. The Hispanic Officer places a gentle hand upon her right shoulder and motions for her to enter the room.

HISPANIC OFFICER
Please go inside Mrs. Thomas.

Lauren nods her head, wipes her eyes, SNIFFS, and enters the visiting room. Behind her, the door shuts, THUNK, and locks, CLACK. The moment that Bradley stands up, the Black Officer puts his right hand on his baton.

Four strides bring the woman to the table, where she embraces her husband. Her swollen stomach presses his handcuffs. For a moment, they kiss.

Lauren withdraws and tilts her head at the officer nearby.

LAUREN
I was told to keep it in good taste.

BRADLEY
It tasted pretty good.

A smile burgeons on Lauren's face, but disappears as quickly as it came. Tears sparkle in her eyes. Bradley looks away.

LAUREN
Christ. I'm sorry.

Lauren wipes her face and SNIFFS. With bandaged and manacled hands, Bradley pulls the guest chair out from the table.

BRADLEY
Sit.

Lauren nods her head and sits upon the proffered chair. Bradley returns to the other side of the table and settles. The Black Officer removes his hand from his baton.

LAUREN
I gave them your change of clothes.

BRADLEY
Thanks.
(he clears his throat)
There's some stuff I want to say.

LAUREN
Okay.

BRADLEY
I don't want you at the hearing. I know how it's gonna go and there's no point in you turnin' up to watch it happen.
(he shakes his head)
I'm not contending the charges.

LAUREN
I want to be there for you. Be supportive.

BRADLEY
That won't do anybody any good. Actually, it'll make things harder. No reason for you and the koala to go through that experience...or for me to watch you go through it.
(quietly)
Please.

Lauren nods her head.

LAUREN
Okay.

BRADLEY
It's gonna be four years--maybe five--and I'll have to serve most of it, if not every damn day.

LAUREN
Detective Fung told me. I'll visit as much as I'm allowed and bring our girl to-

BRADLEY
No. I don't want the first time she sees me to be in prison. We'll figure out somethin' to tell her when she's old enough to realize somethin's wrong, and I'll tell her the full truth when she's old enough to understand.

Lauren wipes her eyes and nods her head.

LAUREN
Okay.

The redheaded woman glances at the nearby officer and leans across the table, close to her husband.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
I'll wait for you, no matter how long it is. I'll never make that...that mistake again. I promise.

BRADLEY
I know it.

Bradley takes Lauren's hand and squeezes. For a long silent moment, both of them stare at the table, unable to do anything but hold each other.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
So that's it then.

Lauren shuts her sparkling eyes, and a terrible emptiness fills Bradley.

39 INT. COURTROOM - EARLY MORNING 39

A gray sky glowers beyond the courtroom windows, threatening rain. Bradley, wearing brown slacks and a beige button-up shirt, sits at a table beside a PUBLIC DEFENDER, a black woman in her fifties who is dressed in a blue suit. Behind the stand sits the JUDGE, a sixty-five-year-old man with fringes of gray hair, drooping eyelids and a bulbous nose.

JUDGE
I considered the defendant's plea of nolo contendre and also the very serious nature of his crime when I determined his sentence.

Bradley looks up at the Judge.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
I hereby sentence Bradley Darrel Thomas to be incarcerated for seven years at the Franklin R. James Medium Security Detention Center of Washington.

The Texan is stunned by the severe sentence. A gavel CRACKS.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
This hearing has come to its lawful conclusion.

Bradley glares at the Judge. *

40 INT/EXT. PRISON BUS / FRJ DETENTION CENTER - MORNING 40

Seated at the front of the RUMBLING steel bus is Bradley, handcuffed and brooding. The DRIVER, an obese white man wearing a gray uniform and a green cap, guides the vehicle along a country road, yawning. Two CONVICTS, a Latino and a white man, sit in the rear, monitored by two OFFICERS with * sunglasses and scowls.

The Driver turns the bus, and Bradley looks through the windshield. Below the drear sky sits a wide gray structure. Light glints upon the metal wires that run along the tops of its tall walls.

LATIN CONVICT
Even on the outside, that's some dismal shit. *
(to Bradley) *
You see the pictures of that prison in Austria?
(he snorts and shakes his head)
Man ... I wish we were going there. *

BRADLEY *
You should aim higher with your wishes.

Through the front window, Bradley watches the wide gray structure expand.

41 EXT. FRANKLIN R. JAMES DETENTION CENTER - MOMENTS LATER 41

A lock CLANKS and an alarm BUZZES like an irate hornet. The iron gate in the center of the outermost prison wall rolls into its niche. Nestled in towers on either side of the entrance are four ARMED OFFICERS, dressed in green, watchful. Toward the entrance, the gray prison bus RUMBLES.

42 EXT. FRJ DETENTION CENTER / FRONT PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER 42

The Driver parks the vehicle in an open space beside two of its siblings and is approached by two ARMED OFFICERS.

Inside the bus, the prisoners stand up and extend their manacled wrists. The Officers unfasten and reclaim their handcuffs. After the Driver says something into his walkie-talkie, he opens the bus doors, CREAK-CREAK.

Bradley descends the steps and lands upon the gray pavement, trailed by the other two Convicts. On the outer wall, the iron gate closes, CLANK. An Armed Officer points an index finger at a dotted blue line upon the ground.

ARMED FRJ OFFICER #1 (ROD) *
Follow the blue line to the door, stop there and tell your name to the man at the lectern.

Bradley follows the blue line around a high fence and under an overhang to where a dour FRJ BLACK OFFICER named NATHAN * sits on a tall stool behind a gray metal lectern. A sign on * the door beside the man reads, 'FRJ Detention Center Intake.'

The Texan stops, and the sentry looks up from his note pad. *

BRADLEY
Bradley Thomas.

The FRJ Black Officer (Nathan) looks at the list of names * that is held to his note pad by a metal clip. After a moment of scrutiny, he writes a tiny check mark beside the name Bradley Thomas. *

FRJ BLACK OFFICER (NATHAN) *
Welcome to The Fridge.

This sentry presses a button upon his lectern, CLICK. An * alarm BUZZES and the automated door opens.

43 INT. FRJ DETENTION CENTER / INTAKE - SAME 43

Bradley walks into a narrow and gray linoleum room where nine CONVICTS, each wearing street clothes, stand in a single file line.

On the far side of the enclosure and seated behind a plexi-glass window is a frowning wall-eyed fellow of fifty, MR. IRVING. To the right of the shielded alcove is a door marked, 'Examination Room.'

Bradley steps behind the last man in line, a NATIVE AMERICAN who wears jeans and a red cowboy shirt that is adorned with tassels. At present, the door to the men's room opens and the Latin Convict emerges, wiping his palms on his yellow shirt. He walks toward the plexi-glass window.

MR. IRVING
Return yourself to the rear of the line.

LATIN CONVICT
I was next, I just had to use the-

MR. IRVING
You maintain your place in line or you relinquish it. Replace yourself at the end of the line.

LATIN CONVICT
That isn't fair. I just-

MR. IRVING
You're delaying the process for everybody. Remove yourself.

The Convicts look at the Latino. He turns his gaze to the floor and walks toward the back of the line.

LATIN CONVICT
Worse than the DMV.

44 INT. FRJ DETENTION CENTER / INTAKE - LATER 44

Bradley is at the front of the line; fourteen CONVICTS stand behind him. At the plexi-glass window, the Native American rises, turns away and walks toward the inner door. An alarm BUZZES and a lock CLACKS. The door marked 'Examination Room' swings open and the Native American passes through.

Bradley looks at the Walleyed Clerk. The man returns his gaze, asymmetrically. The door shuts, and the lock CLACKS.

MR. IRVING
Next.

Bradley walks to the window and stops.

BRADLEY
Bradley Thomas.

Mr. Irving surveys a typed list. Bradley sets his keys and wallet and watch into a clear plastic tray and gently pushes it into the booth, CLICK. The seated man appraises the Texan and TAPS the plexi-glass. *

MR. IRVING *
Do you have a receipt for that ring?

BRADLEY
A receipt? No.

The Walleyed Clerk returns the plastic tray that contains Bradley's possession, CLICK. *

MR. IRVING *
Put the ring in there. *

BRADLEY
Why? *

MR. IRVING *
Inmates are not allowed to posses any jewelry that is valued at more than seventy-five dollars.

BRADLEY
It's made out of stainless steel, it ain't even worth- *

MR. IRVING *
I'm neither a metallurgist nor a jeweller and cannot attest to its value. Relinquish it now.

Bradley reins in his anger, presses his fist to his lips, opens his hand and withdraws the band. Into the receptacle he drops the steel circle, CLINK.

The Texan shoves the tray forward and it SMACKS home. Startled, The Walleyed Clerk flinches.

BRADLEY
Sorry. I didn't mean to-

The clerk returns the tray, CLICK. *

MR. IRVING *
Reclaim your possessions and place yourself at the end of the line.

Bradley stuffs down his anger and reclaims his wallet, watch, keys and wedding band.

45 INT. FRJ DETENTION CENTER / INTAKE - LATER 45

Once again, Bradley is at the front of the line. A black convict walks into the examination room. The door shuts, and the lock CLACKS. The Texan looks at the Walleyed Clerk and waits to be summoned. *

MR. IRVING *
Next.

Bradley walks to the window and stops.

BRADLEY
Bradley Thomas. *

MR. IRVING *
I recall.

Bradley sets his watch, keys, wallet and wedding ring into the plastic tray and gently slides it through to the other side, CLICK. He does not make eye contact with the clerk. *

MR. IRVING (CONT'D) *
That's better.

Bradley stares at his bandaged hands. *

MR. IRVING (CONT'D) *
It's best to remain civilized, Mr. Thomas. Even in a prison.

Bradley waits, silent and inscrutable. The Walleyed Clerk presses a button; an alarm BUZZES, and a lock CLACKS; the door to the examination room opens. *

MR. IRVING (CONT'D) *
Enjoy your stay.

Bradley walks toward the open door.

46 INT. FRJ DETENTION CENTER / EXAMINATION ROOM - SAME 46

Bradley enters a bright white room that is inhabited by a BLOND FRJ OFFICER (LONGMAN) and an EXAMINER, a pudgy forty-five-year-old man with a bushy mustache, thick glasses, latex gloves on his little hands and a clip holding a striped tie to a pink shirt. On the far side of the enclosure is a metal detector and a closed door labelled, 'Waiting Area.' *

EXAMINER
Bradley Thomas?

BRADLEY
Yes.

The Examiner looks up from his clipboard and points the beam of a penlight at a blue square outline upon the floor.

EXAMINER
Stand in the square.

Bradley enters the delineated area.

EXAMINER (CONT'D)
Remove your clothing. You can leave your underwear on until I say lower them.

Bradley leans over and unties the laces of his work boots. The officer sets a plastic box beside the Texan, retreats to a safe distance and rests the meat of his palm upon his baton.

EXAMINER (CONT'D)
Put your clothing in there.

BRADLEY
I figured.

EXAMINER
(to the Blond Officer)
Looks like we're locking up another genius.

BLOND FRJ OFFICER (LONGMAN) *
Should we let him go so he can cure cancer? Help the scientists unify string theories?

Bradley removes his boots and sets them inside the plastic box. At present, he pulls off his socks (the one on the right momentarily sticks to his bandages), stuffs them into his shoes, unbuttons his shirt, tosses it into the container, UNZIPS his slacks and pulls them off. He stands upright, nude in the bright white room, excepting his black boxer shorts and the bandages upon his face, hands, right leg and right foot.

EXAMINER
Legs apart and put your hands on top of your head.

Bradley sets his palms upon his bare scalp. The Examiner orbits the big Texan, eyeing him thoroughly. From his shirt pocket, the plump man withdraw a set of foam nose plugs, which he inserts inside his flaring nostrils.

EXAMINER (CONT'D)
Open your mouth.

Bradley lowers his jaw. The Examiner shines his light inside the Texan's mouth; the beam glares on two fillings and a carmine epiglottis.

EXAMINER (CONT'D)
Lift up your tongue.

Bradley raises his tongue; the beam gleams on the bright white line of his oral frenulum.

EXAMINER (CONT'D)
You can shut it.

Bradley closes his mouth. The Examiner purses his lips, shakes his head and sucks his teeth, ruefully.

EXAMINER (CONT'D)
I'm going to need to look under those bandages.
(he points the penlight at Bradley's hands and right foot)
Just the big ones.

Bradley unwraps his right hand and reveals three swollen lacerations, each notched with butterfly stitches. After he covers the wounds, he unwinds the bandage that covers his left palm and reveals two long gashes, each fastened by nine stitches. The Examiner grimaces.

EXAMINER (CONT'D)
Let me see the foot. You can lean on the wall.

Bradley covers his hand, presses his shoulder to the wall (directly beside the door marked 'Visitors'), lifts his right foot and unwinds the gauze. As the layers unravel, the hue of the wrapping changes from white to rose to bright red to dark crimson. The final layer clings to a thick row of fifteen dark stitches that look like a gory caterpillar.

BLOND FRJ OFFICER
That's just disgusting.

EXAMINER
Cover that.

Bradley rewraps injury and sets his foot upon the ground.

EXAMINER (CONT'D)
Now for everybody's favorite part. Pull your shorts down and return your hands to the top of your head.

Bradley pulls the waistband of his boxer shorts past his buttocks and lets them drop to the ground.

BLOND FRJ OFFICER
That's an A minus.

Bradley returns his hands to the top of his head. The Examiner visually inspects the Texan's bare front and back.

EXAMINER
Squat.

Bradley bends his knees and the officers await the dislocation of any hidden objects from his rear. Nothing emerges.

EXAMINER (CONT'D)
You can pull up your drawers.

Bradley leans over and pulls up his shorts. The Blond Officer gives the Texan a pile of folded green clothing, atop which sit white socks and canvas shoes that have plastic ties instead of shoelaces.

BLOND FRJ OFFICER
Get dressed.

BRADLEY
Where're the shoelaces?

BLOND FRJ OFFICER
They were banned because of an incident last month.

Bradley sets the bundle upon a stool, dons his shirt and pants, buttons them, and pulls on his new socks, carefully drawing the fabric over his bandages. At present, the Texan squeezes his left foot inside a white canvas shoe.

BRADLEY
Have any bigger ones?

BLOND FRJ OFFICER
You'll grow into them.

Bradley puts his injured right foot into the other shoe, winces, rises and coolly regards the prison employees.

The Examiner points his penlight at the metal detector.

EXAMINER
Go through. Slowly.

Bradley walks through the metal detector; the device remains silent. The Blond Officer presses a button, CLICK, and the automatic door on the far end of the room swings open. Into the next chamber, the Texan proceeds.

47 INT. FRJ DETENTION CENTER / WAITING ROOM - SAME 47

Bradley enters a small gray room that is furnished with a foam sofa upon which sits LEFTY, a fifty-eight-year-old inmate with bifocal glasses, silver hair and a bad arm that dangles from the left sleeve of his green uniform. He looks up from his clipboard. *

LEFTY
Are you Bradley Thomas?

BRADLEY
I am.

Lefty wedges the clipboard underneath his bad arm and rises.

LEFTY
I'm Lefty. I'm in charge of your orientation.

Bradley limps forward and extends his right hand. Lefty shakes the proffered appendage, releases it and points down.

LEFTY (CONT'D)
Got bunions?

BRADLEY
My right foot's injured and these shoes are about two sizes too small.

LEFTY
We'll tell Denise-- she's your case worker. Can you walk for now?

Bradley nods. Lefty turns to a wire-reinforced glass window and KNOCKS upon it. AN OFFICER in the adjacent hall presses a button. After a loud BUZZING noise, the door swings open.

48 INT. FRJ DETENTION CENTER / HALL A - SAME 48

Bradley follows Lefty into a gray hallway that has teal tiles and doors and concludes with a thick iron gate.

LEFTY
As far as prisons go, you could do worse than The Fridge-- though this place sure isn't like that one in Austria.
(he peruses his clipboard)
You get a private cell. It's small but you aren't breathing somebody else's stale air for months or years, trying not to hate him.
(MORE)

LEFTY (CONT'D)
And you've got some choices over in Prison Industries, depending on your case worker's evaluation. Desks, shelves, jeans, parts for vending machines-- we make a lot of stuff here.
(he puts the clipboard under his armpit)
The food's awful, but...well...it's prison.

BRADLEY
How long've you been here?

LEFTY
Twenty-eight years. And I was in Jackson before here.

For a few seconds, the men walk without speaking, their FOOTFALLS echoing. Bradley shakes his, commiserating.

LEFTY (CONT'D)
They called me Righty over there.

They reach the end of the hallway and stop.

LEFTY (CONT'D)
You can ask.

BRADLEY
It isn't my business.

On the far side of the gate, an amicable red-headed officer named SEAN rises from his stool, keys JINGLING on his hip.

LEFTY
The people who don't ask you what you did are the people who don't want to talk about what they did.

SEAN
Hey Lefty. See the game?

LEFTY
I wish I didn't.

Sean nods, grimacing. Lefty looks at Bradley.

LEFTY (CONT'D)
You're a fit guy and look like you can handle trouble, but it's better if you ask and better if you tell-- you don't want people making assumptions. I've seen guys twice your size picking their teeth out of the shower drain. And I've seen worse.

Sean inserts a key and twists his wrist, CLANK.

LEFTY (CONT'D)
And if you hurt women or kids or something like that, you should come up with a lie right now and stick to it.

BRADLEY
I ran H and crystal. Some coke.

LEFTY
I murdered two men in a stick-up--shot one of them in the head four times.
(he SLAPS the veins of his dangling left arm)
Was on junk at the time.

Bradley feels a pang of self-recrimination. Sean slides the iron bars along their runner, CLACK-CLACK-CLACK-CLACK-CLACK.

49 INT. FRJ DETENTION CENTER / MAIN AVENUE - MOMENTS LATER 49

Bradley and Lefty traverse the walkway that bisects the heart of the prison. Upon either side of them are gray gates beyond which lie white walls with gray doors, each spaced eleven feet apart. The Texan tilts his head back and sees five tiers (each identical in construction) atop the one through which he passes. Drear sunlight glows in barred windows, illuminating the vast enclosure.

BRADLEY
What floor's my cell on?

LEFTY
The scenic.

50 INT. FRJ DETENTION CENTER / STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER 50

Bradley and Lefty emerge from the top of the stairwell, traverse a corrugated landing and stop in front of a gate behind which sits ORTON, a big officer in his mid-thirties with narrow eyes, receding brown hair, a jutting forehead, a cauliflower ear and a magazine called 'Champion Boxer' in his hands. He glances at the Texan and addresses the black man.

ORTON
(Boston accent)
This is the guy they're putting in thirty-four?

LEFTY
Yes. Bradley Thomas.

Orton appraises Bradley in a blunt manner. After a moment, he CRACKS his knuckles, rises from his stool, puts a key into the lock, twists his hand and slides the gate open, CLACK-CLACK-CLACK-CLACK-CLACK.

51 INT. FRJ DETENTION CENTER / 6TH TIER HALL - SAME 51

Lefty and Bradley walk into the hallway. The Texan looks down the long empty passage, which is comprised of white walls, gray gates, gray doors and shiny linoleum tiles.

ORTON
Before you go to your coffin, I've got some rules to apprise you of.

Orton shuts the gate, CLACK-CLACK-CLANK, and faces Bradley.

ORTON (CONT'D)
Five days a week, I do the count on this floor. When you hear that buzzer go, you come out of your room and wait to be counted. And you don't go back until you hear the buzzer again no matter what. You miss the count--sleep through it or whatever--everybody on the floor stands around waiting for you to be found. It's not a great way to make friends.

Bradley nods.

ORTON (CONT'D)
I do inspections too. I call out "Inspection!" and you leave your room and wait outside until I'm through.

Bradley nods. Orton appraises him for a moment.

ORTON (CONT'D)
Do you box?

BRADLEY
No.

ORTON
That muscle's just for show?

BRADLEY
Helps me lift stuff.

ORTON
There's a boxing program here-- a good one. I'm one of the coaches.

BRADLEY
Not interested.

ORTON
You'd rather make desks and parts for vending machines?

BRADLEY
I'd rather knit baby booties with pink yarn than hit people for no reason.

ORTON
You ever try it? Boxing?

BRADLEY
I spent time in the ring when I was younger.

Orton scratches his cauliflower ear.

ORTON
Got whupped?

BRADLEY
No.

ORTON
Pay wasn't good enough?

BRADLEY
I learned that winning can be worse than losing.

Orton understands Bradley's brusque attitude.

ORTON
You hurt somebody? Or killed a guy?

The Texan's face darkens. He is silent.

LEFTY
(to Orton)
Pester him some other time.

Up the long white hallway, Lefty escorts Bradley. Old regrets haunt the big Texan.

The inmates walk past rooms 15, 16, 17 and 18 and continue forward. Lefty clears his throat.

LEFTY (CONT'D)
Doors are unlocked during the day--
when guys are at Prison Industries
or in the yard or in class--
there's a school here.

BRADLEY
That's good.

In front of number 38, Lefty stops. Like all of the cell doors, it is gray and has a narrow wire-reinforced window beside the knob.

LEFTY
This one's yours.

Bradley looks at the door and rubs the barbwire cross tattoo on the back of his skull.

LEFTY (CONT'D)
I'll leave you alone while you check things out. Dinner's at six.

BRADLEY
Think I'll skip it today.

Lefty nods his head, reaches into his shirt pocket and withdraws a candy bar wrapped in used aluminum foil.

LEFTY
Lots of guys skip dinner when they first get here.
(he slides the candy bar into Bradley's pocket)
Around two or three in the morning you'll want it.

Lefty clasps and shakes Bradley's right hand.

LEFTY (CONT'D)
I'll take you to see your case worker tomorrow.

BRADLEY
Okay. Thanks.

Lefty turns around and strides toward the landing, his bad arm swinging, pendulous. Orton opens the gate, CLACK-CLACK.

Bradley faces cell 34, seizes the steel doorknob, twists it and pulls. Inside lies a small dim space.

52 INT. FRJ DETENTION CENTER / 6TH FLOOR - CELL 34 - SAME 52

Bradley walks into his cell. In the ceiling of the gray ten-foot-by-ten-foot enclosure glows and buried behind three inches of plastic glows a fluorescent bulb. The Texan steps inside and shuts the door, THUNK.

On Bradley's left stands a cylindrical steel apparatus that has a squat toilet surmounted by a sink. Above the fixture and affixed to the wall is a mirror made out of metal.

On the other side of the small space is a stone outcropping with a thin mattress. A blanket, a thin foam pillow, a tube of toothpaste, a small toothbrush, a stick of deodorant, and a pamphlet that says, 'F.R.J. Detention Center - Inmate Handbook: Rules & Guidelines' sit upon the narrow bed.

A sickening feeling spreads throughout the imprisoned man.

BRADLEY
Seven years.

He SLAPS his hands against the wall.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Seven fucking years.

In the mirror, Bradley sees a reflection of his face. Anger flashes in his metallic eyes. With a closed fist, he POUNDS the image.

He turns away from himself, picks up his new possessions and sets them upon the floor, excepting the pillow, which he puts at the top of the bed. The Texan sits. Slowly and carefully, he pulls off his right shoe. His sock is red.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Christ.

At present, Bradley removes his other shoe and lies down. Inside his dismal new home, he shuts his eyes.

53 INT. FRJ DETENTION CENTER / 6TH FLOOR - ROOM 38 - NIGHT 53

An alarm BUZZES and startles Bradley awake. Outside the thin wire-reinforced window of his cell, it is dark.

ORTON (O.S.)
Line up!

The alarm BUZZES. Bradley sits up and sets his feet upon the floor. Pain shoots up his right leg and he winces.

The sounds of FOOTSTEPS and doors closing, THUNK-THUNK-THUNK-THUNK-THUNK-THUNK-THUNK-THUNK, echo in the hallway outside.

Bradley rises to his feet, and his right knee gives out. He SLAPS his right hand to the wall to retain his balance.

ORTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Someone's missing from the line, so we've gotta wait. I hope none of you mind.

OLD INMATE (O.S.)
I've got a dream I gotta get back to. There was a woman: She was heavy, but she was willing!

Bradley wrestles with his pain. A flashlight shines through the window and glares in his eyes.

ORTON (O.S.)
We're waiting.

A baton CRACKS against the door. The Texan hobbles forward, reaches out, seizes the knob, twists and pulls.

54 INT. FRJ DETENTION CENTER / 6TH TIER HALL - MOMENTS LATER 54

Bradley emerges from his cell, limping, and enters the dimly-illuminated hallway. Beside the gray doors stand scores of INMATES who wear boxer shorts or green pajama bottoms. Tired and irritated eyes survey the late arrival.

ORTON
Thanks for coming to our little get-together, Mr. Thomas.

Beads of perspiration slide down the pained Texan's face. His immediate neighbors--a tall ONE-EYED SALVADORIAN with a towel around his waist and a fat PUERTO RICAN with a beard--glance at him.

Motioning with his flashlight like a man on an airport runway, Orton walks to the far end of the hall--past eleven * Inmates--and pauses. He raises his left hand--in which gleams a shiny metal apparatus--looks at the first person in the line and presses his thumb, CLICK. As he passes the next man, he CLICKS the counter once more.

Bradley, pained and perspiring, leans against the white wall.

Orton counts the inmates, CLICKING his counter as he passes each one. Bradley lifts his right leg and sees a bloody footprint on the floor.

ONE-EYED SALVADORIAN
Damn! What happened?

BRADLEY
Stepped on a bug.

ONE-EYED SALVADORIAN
You're bullshittin'.

BRADLEY
It was big.

Into Bradley's blue eyes, Orton shines the light. The Texan squints, and the officer pauses.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Is that necessary?

ORTON
Pretend like you're talking to God.

BRADLEY
He doesn't smell like nachos.

An ominous quietude fills the area as Orton sucks his teeth and shakes his head.

ORTON
You're not off to a good start, Mr. Thomas. The whole floor is standing out here in the middle of the night--tired, hungry, waiting for me to finish the count--and you're making jokes.

Embittered prisoners glare at the Texan.

ORTON (CONT'D)
Any more clever remarks?

Bradley keeps his mouth shut. The officer approaches the Texan, flashlight glaring. Bradley squints.

ORTON (CONT'D)
You hear that buzzer, you come outside and get counted. No delay. Like the bell at the beginning of a boxing match.

Orton grins, and with his flashlight, TAPS Bradley's left shoulder twice.

ORTON (CONT'D)
Ding-ding.

Orton stares into Bradley's eyes. The Texan returns the gaze, coolly. After a ponderous moment, the officer CLICKS his counter, turns his flashlight forward and walks up the hall. Bradley watches the officer continue his appraisal. *

ONE-EYED SALVADORIAN
(whispered)
You should've told him 'bout the bug.

55 INT. FRJ DETENTION CENTER / 6TH FLOOR - CELL 34 - LATE NIGHT 55

The fluorescent bulb is off and the cell is dark excepting the dim blue light that sneaks through the window in the door. Upon the bed lies Bradley, asleep. His feet are bare and his wet socks dangle like dog tongues from the side of the metal sink, drying.

The Texan's stomach GURGLES. At present, he sits up and reaches for the candy bar in his cubby. SOBS echo outside of his door, muted and distant like a bad recollection. Accompanied by the sounds of grief, Bradley eats.

56 INT. LARGE SKY BLUE HOUSE / MASTER BEDROOM - DAWN 56

The vault glows beyond the skylight, painting the bedroom a monochromatic azure hue. Underneath the glass, Lauren sleeps, lying on her right side, wearing a maternity nightgown, her legs tangled in a blanket.

Something THUDS upon the roof. Lauren flinches, but remains asleep. She shifts her tangled legs and slides her left arm into the space previously occupied by her husband. Her questing hand lands upon a pillow. Unconsciously, she pulls it close to her swollen stomach.

Again, something THUDS upon the roof. Lauren flinches and rolls onto her left side. The house alarm BEEPS.

Lauren awakens, confused. Outside, the alarm continues to BEEP. The woman sits up, looks through the bedroom door, sees the dark hall, moves to the edge of the mattress and swings her blanket-wrapped legs to the floor.

From downstairs comes a muted BEEP, followed by three more BEEPS. The alarm stops, deactivated.

Fear seizes the pregnant woman. She grips the knotted blanket, extricates her long limbs, tosses the fabric aside and rises from the bed.

Upon benumbed feet, Lauren teeters. She balances herself, hastens to the door, shuts it, THUNK, and locks it, CLACK. Morning sickness burgeons within her.

Lauren lunges toward the garbage basket and drops to her knees. Her body convulses. She lowers her head.

Somewhere inside the house, a door SLAMS.

Lauren disgorges a SPLATTERING torrent of viscous food into the garbage basket.

Beyond the closed door, stairs CREAK.

Lauren SPITS out flecks of vomit, reaches toward the nightstand and grips the handle of the top drawer.

In the hallway outside, wood CREAKS. A shadow darkens the bottom edge of the door.

Lauren opens the drawer. Inside lies a nickel-plated snub-nosed revolver. The woman seizes the gun, grips it with both hands, points it at the door and thumbs the hammer, CLICK.

LAUREN
Get out of this house right-

The blue room darkens. Lauren looks up.

Beyond the skylight and on the roof stands a SILHOUETTED MAN with a crowbar. He swings the metal; glass SHATTERS. Glimmering shards rain upon the bed and the pregnant woman.

Lauren squints, points her gun at the skylight, and squeezes the trigger, BANG. The muzzle flash glares upon the pieces of glass that sit atop her head and shoulders. The figure in the skylight disappears. Footsteps THUD across the roof.

Something SLAMS against the bedroom door. Lauren stands up, turns around and points her weapon at the portal; glass drips from her hair and gown.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Get out of this house right now!
We will shoot you if you don’t go!

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
“We.”

Something THUDS against the door. Lauren squeezes the trigger, BANG. A bullet lances the wood, CRACK.

The room darkens. Lauren looks up at skylight. Something POPS. A long tranquilizer dart lances into her face, just below her right eye.

LAUREN
Christ!

She pulls the projectile from her skin, throws it across the room and points her gun at the skylight, which is now empty. Something SLAMS against the door.

Lauren aims at the unseen foe. Her eyelids droop. She shakes her head and SLAPS her face to fight the tide of sleep. In her hands, the gun wavers.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
(quietly)
God. Please. Please...

Something THUDS against the door.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Get out of here!

Lauren squeezes the trigger, BANG. Wood CRACKS. Watching the door, she backs toward the bathroom.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Get out of here! Get out!

The room darkens. Something POPS. Lauren looks to her right and sees a tranquilizer dart jutting from her shoulder. At present, she stumbles, SLAMS into the wall and drops to the floor, landing upon her buttocks. She points the revolver at the empty skylight and squeezes the trigger, BANG.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Bradley.

Tears run down her face. The gun falls from her weakened grasp and her eyelids close.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Don’t hurt...our little girl.

Lauren clasps her stomach. Wood SHATTERS.

57 INT. FRJ DETENTION CENTER / 6TH FLOOR - CELL 34 - MORNING 57

An alarm BUZZES. Bradley awakens. Outside, the hallway glows with the light of early morning.

BRADLEY
One hundred and twenty-three days.

Bradley eases weight onto his right foot, rises, traverses his cell, twists the doorknob and pushes.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Morning count!

58 INT. FRJ DETENTION CENTER / 6TH TIER HALL - SAME 58

Bradley emerges from his cell and shuts the door, THUNK. Tired Inmates yawn and rub their eyes, their disparate dreams replaced by one enclosed reality. Standing at the far end of the white and gray hallway is a SKINNY OFFICER who is twenty-nine and wears a blond mustache beneath his crooked nose.

At present, five more Inmates enter the hall. The Skinny Officer sees them and begins his survey, CLICKING his counter. The One-Eyed Salvadorian and the bearded Puerto Rican glance at their neighbor, the bandaged Texan.

BRADLEY
Good mornin'.

ONE-EYED SALVADORIAN
That gets hard to say after wakin' up here a thousand times.

BRADLEY
I bet.

The Skinny Officer approaches the Texan and his neighbors.

59 INT. FRJ DETENTION CENTER / HALL A - LATER 59

Bradley and Lefty enter the outer hallway, and the officer named Sean closes the gate behind them, CLANK. Across teal tiles the inmates stride, past doors of the same color.

BRADLEY
Thanks for the candy bar.

LEFTY
(grinning)
Told you.

The two men reach a teal door that is adorned with a placard that reads, 'Denise Pawthur -- Case Worker.'

LEFTY (CONT'D)
Your Industry assignments, your visits--all that sort of stuff--go through Denise. You want her to like you, so be respectful. Don't look below her neck and don't make implications. Women in here are real sensitive to that stuff.

BRADLEY
I smuggled in two kilos of Southern charm.

Lefty motions to the door. Bradley KNOCKS, gently.

DENISE PAWTHUR (O.S.)
Come in.

Lefty SLAPS Bradley on the back and leans close to his ear.

LEFTY
(whispered)
She's got big ones.

60 INT. FRJ DETENTION CENTER / DENISE PAWTHUR'S OFFICE - SAME 60

Bradley opens the door and enters a small burgundy office that is dominated by a wooden desk, upon which stand a score of framed photographs, all facing in the opposite direction. Rising from a rolling chair is DENISE PAWTHUR, an Indian-American woman of thirty with wavy hair, vulpine eyes, a narrow upturned nose and a conservative navy blue skirt suit. She extends her right hand.

DENISE PAWTHUR
I am Denise Pawthur.

BRADLEY
Not sure if you want to shake my hand...

Bradley displays his bandaged palms; Denise Pawthur withdraws her hand.

DENISE PAWTHUR
Next time. You are Bradley Thomas?

BRADLEY
Wish I wasn't.

DENISE PAWTHUR
Please sit-

Denise indicates a plastic chair on the far side of her desk.

BRADLEY
Thank you ma'am.

Bradley sits upon the plastic chair, eliciting a SQUEAK. Denise Pawthur returns to her seat and tents her fingers.

DENISE PAWTHUR
How was your first night in The Fridge?

BRADLEY
Lacking in some departments, but I heard that this place isn't a reward.

DENISE PAWTHUR
Did you sleep?

BRADLEY
Some.

DENISE PAWTHUR
Did you eat?

BRADLEY
Lefty gave me a candy bar.

Denise Pawthur inspects Bradley for a silent moment.

DENISE PAWTHUR
Normally we would discuss your file and go over your assignments, but I received a call twenty minutes ago that is a priority.

BRADLEY
From who?

DENISE PAWTHUR
Dr. Pelman.

Bradley's stomach sinks. For a long terrible moment, he does not breathe. He stares forward, awaiting more information.

DENISE PAWTHUR (CONT'D)
Dr. Pelman is your wife's obstetrician?

The Texan nods, his mouth dry.

DENISE PAWTHUR (CONT'D)
He said that there has been a complication with the pregnancy. He wants to discuss the matter with you in person.

Bradley's heart hammers like a fist against his ribcage. For a long moment, he searches for his voice.

BRADLEY
Is...is it serious?

DENISE PAWTHUR
He did not go into details with me.

BRADLEY
He's...he's comin' here?

DENISE PAWTHUR
Correct. We've scheduled a visit for ten o'clock.

Fists clenched and shaking, Bradley nods.

BRADLEY
Where's Lauren? The hospital?

DENISE PAWTHUR
I don't know. *

Bradley presses his palms to his face and rubs his tingling skin. His stomach percolates and GROWLS.

DENISE PAWTHUR (CONT'D)
We'll do the orientation tomorrow. Have some breakfast and return to your cell. An officer will get you when Dr. Pelman signs in at the outer gate.

The benumbed Texan nods.

DENISE PAWTHUR (CONT'D)
Have there been difficulties?

Bradley rubs his face with his bandaged palms, up and down, as if attempting to wipe away his own features.

BRADLEY
With our first one, but not this time around.

61 INT. FRJ DETENTION CENTER / 6TH FLOOR - CELL 34 - LATER 61

Bradley sits upon his narrow bed, brooding. A baton CRACKS against the glass. The Texan looks up and sees Orton's face in the window.

62 INT. FRJ DETENTION CENTER / 6TH TIER HALL - SAME 62

Bradley emerges from cell 34 and shuts the door, THUNK. Orton scratches his cauliflower ear.

ORTON
You must be pretty popular-- getting a visit on your second day.

The big officer leads the bigger Texan toward the gate.

ORTON (CONT'D)
Maybe someone wants to interview you? See the boxing legend?

Bradley ignores the remarks and walks in silence.

63 INT. FRJ DETENTION CENTER / EXAMINATION ROOM - SAME 63

The Blond FRJ Officer (Longman) and the Examiner wave at * Orton, who stands at the open door alongside Bradley. The little man points the beam of his flashlight at the metal detector.

EXAMINER
Walk through. Slowly.

The Texan passes through the metal detector and stops.

BLOND FRJ OFFICER
Put your hands together.

Bradley raises his fists. The Blond FRJ Officer SLAPS handcuffs upon his wrists, squeezes, CLICK-CLICK, CLICK-CLICK, looks at the far end of the room and nods. Orton replies in kind, steps outside and shuts the door, THUNK.

The Blond Officer turns around, CLICKS a button on the wall, and leans forward.

BLOND FRJ OFFICER (CONT'D)
Sending in Bradley Thomas.

MALE VOICE IN SPEAKER (O.S.)
Copy. His guest is at window ten.

An alarm BUZZES, and a lock CLACKS. From the wall, the automatic door that is labelled 'Visitors' retracts.

64 INT. FRJ DETENTION CENTER / VISITOR'S ROOM - SAME 64

Bradley walks into a long white room. On the far side of the enclosure are twelve partitioned windows, each furnished with a chair, a small desk, a wall-mounted telephone and a box of tissues. Two slots are occupied by INMATES who face the sad appendages of their previous lives--VISITORS. Sean, one of two OFFICERS in the room, points to an open booth.

SEAN
It's that one, Mr. Thomas.

BRADLEY
Thanks.

Bradley walks toward the indicated booth. As he strides, his looks of concern changes to one of confusion. The Texan reaches the window and stops. On the far side of the plexi-glass sits a PLACID MAN, a slender and inscrutable fellow of fifty years who wears a white doctor's smock atop an olive-colored suit.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Who're you?

PLACID MAN
(voice muted by the glass)
Sit down Mr. Thomas.

BRADLEY
Where's Dr. Pelman?

Upon the thick plexi-glass, the Placid Man CLICKS a long fingernail, indicating the chair.

PLACID MAN *
(voice muted)
Sit down.

Bradley, unsettled by the manner of the strange visitor, pulls the chair from the table and seats himself. The Placid * Man CLICKS a long fingernail upon the plexi-glass, indicating * the telephone. *

PLACID MAN (CONT'D) *
(voice muted)
Pick it up.

Bradley lifts the receiver from the wall and presses it to his ear. A moment later, the Placid Man mirrors his action. *

PLACID MAN (CONT'D) *
Remain calm. If you call any attention to us, I will leave and you will regret my departure for the remainder of your life. Nod that you understand.

Bradley, tense, nods his head. A smile reveals the long uneven teeth that sit in the mouth of the Placid Man. *

PLACID MAN (CONT'D) *
My employer sends his regards.

A terrible sickness spreads throughout the Texan's guts. His fists constrict.

BRADLEY
Your work for Eleazar.

The Placid Man nods his head, "yes." *

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Why're you here? *

PLACID MAN *
Your betrayal cost my employer three point two million dollars. I am here to settle that matter.

From his inner pocket, the Placid Man withdraws a slender * black cellphone. A small rectangle of color flashes within his dark eyes as he scrolls through images. At present, he presses the device against the glass, CLICK.

Bradley stops breathing. Blood drains from his face.

The glowing image is of Lauren, blindfolded and gagged, sitting in a chair inside a filthy basement, her blue maternity nightgown spattered with dirt and blood.

The Placid Man returns the cellphone to the inner pocket of his jacket. Bradley is in a state of shock. *

PLACID MAN (CONT'D) *
There is an abortionist from the Philippines who works for my employer.

Bradley's fists constrict. *

PLACID MAN (CONT'D) *
He boasts that he can clip the limbs from a fetus, yet leave the child in such a condition that it will live to be born.

Pure hatred shines in Bradley's eyes. Blood leaks from his clenched right fist, down the telephone receiver. *

PLACID MAN (CONT'D) *
This procedure will happen unless you repay your debt to my employer.

Bradley swallows dryly. After a moment, he finds his voice.

BRADLEY
How? *

PLACID MAN *
There is a prisoner that my employer wants killed-- a man serving a life sentence over at the Redleaf Detention Center.

BRADLEY
I'm in The Fridge for seven years. How the hell can I choke out some guy over in Redleaf? *

PLACID MAN *
Redleaf is a maximum security prison. Show the staff here that you need to be transferred.

Grim understanding comes to the Texan.

BRADLEY
If I nail this guy, Eleazar will let my wife go? Unharmed? *

PLACID MAN *
Yes.

BRADLEY
Can you give me any sort of guarantee? *

PLACID MAN *
Certainly. If you do not do what my employer has asked, I guarantee that you will receive a package containing no less than two limbs taken from your unborn child.

Bradley is speechless. *

PLACID MAN (CONT'D) *
Sadly, I cannot guarantee whether the child will survive the procedure, nor what the fate of your wife will be.

The boiling Texan contains his fury.

BRADLEY
Who's this guy I need to get? *

PLACID MAN *
His name is Christopher Bridge. He is at Redleaf in Cell Block 99.

Without another word, the Placid Man rises from his chair and * walks toward the exit. Bradley sits in his seat, stunned and overwhelmed by the situation within which he is trapped.

65 INT. FRJ DETENTION CENTER / EXAMINATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 65

The Blond FRJ Officer (Longman) removes Bradley's handcuffs, * CLACK-CLACK, and the Examiner points his flashlight at the metal detector. Pale and enervated, the Texan walks through the hollow frame.

At present, the door labelled, 'Waiting Room' BUZZES, CLACKS and opens, revealing Orton, who is seated upon the foam sofa, reading a magazine called, 'Gloves & Glory.'

66 INT. FRJ DETENTION CENTER / WAITING ROOM - SAME 66

Bradley walks into the waiting room. Orton closes his magazine, rises and appraises the stunned inmate.

ORTON
You okay?

Bradley does not respond. The officer scratches his cauliflower ear and opens the far door.

67 INT. FRJ DETENTION CENTER / STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER 67

Orton follows Bradley up the stairs and onto the landing.

ORTON
Anything you want to talk about?

Bradley shakes his head. Orton reaches into his pocket and withdraws his key ring.

ORTON (CONT'D)
Sorry for busting on you earlier--
I didn’t mean anything by it. Was
just hoping to get you into the
prison boxing circuit.

Orton inserts the key and twists his hand; the lock CLACKS. After a brief appraisal of the benumbed inmate, the officer slides the gate open, CLACK-CLACK-CLACK-CLACK-CLACK, and motions toward the corridor with his free hand.

68 INT. FRJ DETENTION CENTER / 6TH TIER HALL - SAME 68

Bradley walks into the hallway. Orton turns around, slides the gate shut, CLACK-CLACK-CLACK-CLACK-CLANK, inserts the key and twists his hand, CLACK.

Two yards up the hallway, the Texan stops. He leans over and pulls off his left shoe.

ORTON
What’re you doing?

BRADLEY
Feet hurt.

ORTON
Do that back in your coffin, okay?

Bradley uncovers his other foot, revealing a sock that is flecked with dark red stains. With his right hand, he clutches his sneaker.

ORTON (CONT'D)
Man...you should-

The Texan SLAPS Orton across the face with his sneaker.

ORTON (CONT'D)
What the f-

Again, Bradley SLAPS Orton. The big officer stumbles back and SLAMS into the gate. Upon his face glows a bright footprint.

ORTON (CONT'D)
Don’t-

Bradley shoves the shoe into the officer's mouth, yanks the key ring from his belt and tosses it through the gate. Sun glints upon the steel as it falls.

Orton SPITS out the shoe. Bradley seizes him by the neck and flings him away from the gate. After a few stumbling steps, the officer regains his balance, sets his feet and raises his fists-- a boxer's stance. Six flights down, keys strike the floor, CLINK-CLINK-CLINK.

ORTON (CONT'D)
You don't want to do this.

Bradley throws a right hook. Orton blocks with his forearm, WHACK. Again, the Texan swings; the officer defends, WHACK.

Bradley dances to the side and jabs the officer's left cheek, CRACK. Orton punches Bradley's stomach, but the Texan's hard abdomen withstands the blow. The inmate CRACKS the officer's left cheek, breaking skin. Blood drips down Orton's face.

ORTON (CONT'D)
Stop now or-

Bradley throws a hook into the Orton's shielding forearms, WHACK, and swings another, WHACK. He flurries the officer's defense, WHACK-WHACK-WHACK-WHACK-WHACK, and withdraws.

Orton's battered forearms are red and purple; Bradley's knuckles are scarlet.

The Texan POUNDS pounds the officer's left arm. A bone CRACKS. Orton YELLS.

Further up the hallway, a door opens. The One-Eyed Salvadorian sticks his head outside.

ORTON (CONT'D)
Hector! Come out and-

The Salvadorian shuts his door. From his belt, Orton withdraws his baton. Bradley throws a right hook into the officer's nose; cartilage SNAPS.

Orton falls to his knees and swings his baton at Bradley's right shin. Wood SMACKS against bone, and the Texan limps back. Again, Orton swings; the weapon impacts Bradley's right ankle, SMACK. The Texan dances back.

Upon the stairwell, footsteps RUMBLE.

Orton stands, his dangling left arm swollen and purple. After two GASPS, he points his baton at his adversary.

ORTON (CONT'D)
You just ruined your fucking life
you dumb redn-

Bradley lunges forward and SLAMS into Orton. Both men THUD upon the gray linoleum.

The Texan seizes the officer's neck and pins him to the ground. On the other side of the sixth tier, two returning INMATES hold the fence and watch the brawl.

FRJ INMATE #1
School him good, yo!

Orton SMACKS Bradley in the face with his baton. The Texan seizes the weapon, yanks it free and flings it down the hall. Orton punches Bradley across the jaw, SMACK.

ORTON
Get off of me-

Bradley seizes Orton's broken forearm. Fear shines in the officer's eyes. Down the hall, the thrown baton CLATTERS. The Texan twists his clenched fist, SNAPPING bones. Orton SHRIEKS.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Orton! We're coming up!

Upon the stairwell, footsteps THUNDER. Orton, bleeding from his busted cheek and third elbow, looks up at Bradley.

ORTON
They'll get you.

The Texan rises, steps on the beaten man's broken arm, eliciting a YELL, and limps toward the gate.

Footsteps THUNDER upon the stairs. Across the gulf, the audience members retreat into their cells and shut their doors, THUNK, THUNK.

Bradley advances toward the gate, blood dripping from his knuckles and torn stitches.

ORTON (CONT'D)
Watch out guys-- he attacked me--
he's fucking crazy!

Twelve feet from the gate, Bradley stops. Beyond the barrier, the corrugated landing shakes. Footsteps POUND, resounding. The Texan flicks his abraded hands. Crimson droplets SPATTER white walls.

The lathered security crew ascends to the Sixth Tier. The Blond Officer (Longman), Sean (Lefty's friend), the Armed * Officer (from the parking lot) and two other OFFICERS hasten onto the landing.

SEAN
Holy shit.

The Armed Officer reaches the gate and points his pump-action shotgun directly at Bradley. *

ARMED FRJ OFFICER #1 (ROD) *
Hands on your head! Now!

Bradley sets his red hands upon his tattoo. Sean and the Blond FRJ Officer glance at their battered peer. *

BLOND FRJ OFFICER
Orton. You okay?

The recumbent officer lifts his head.

ORTON
What the fuck took you guys so long?

BLOND FRJ OFFICER
You didn't press the alarm.

BRADLEY
I interfered with that. But he screams pretty good. *

ARMED FRJ OFFICER #1 (ROD) *
Shut the fuck up!

Sean twists the key in the lock, CLACK, and slides the gate open, CLACK-CLACK-CLACK-CLACK-CLACK. The Armed Officer approaches Bradley, gun upraised. *

ARMED FRJ OFFICER #1 (ROD) (CONT'D) *
Give me a reason to turn your head into a cocktail.

BRADLEY
Don't scare me like that. I might curl up on the floor like your buddy.

ARMED FEJ OFFICER #1
I know a joke.

The Armed Officer officer sets the stock of his pump-action shotgun against his shoulder and points the muzzle at Bradley's right ear. *

ARMED FRJ OFFICER #1 (ROD) *
Wanna hear the punch line?

Bradley remains silent. The Armed Officer glances at his blond peer and nods. *

ARMED FRJ OFFICER #1 (ROD) (CONT'D) *
Give him bracelets.

The Blond Officer pulls a pair handcuffs from his belt and walks beside Bradley. *

BLOND FRJ OFFICER (LONGMAN) *
Put your hands behind your back.

Bradley complies. Upon his wrists, the Blond Officer fastens and tightly ratchets the pair of handcuffs, CLICK-CLICK, CLICK-CLICK. Sean walks over to Orton.

SEAN
Orton?

Orton MOANS incoherently.

SEAN (CONT'D)
You want to do some justice before we take him down?

BRADLEY
I'd recommend he favors his right arm.

The shotgun stock CRACKS across Bradley's chin. *

ARMED FRJ OFFICER #1 (ROD) *
Shut up.

SEAN
Orton?

Sean kneels beside the battered officer and shakes his head.

SEAN (CONT'D)
He's unconscious. *

ARMED FRJ OFFICER #1 (ROD) *
Stay with him. We'll take this redneck to the lower level for holding.

The Blond FRJ Officer shoves Bradley forward. *

BLOND FRJ OFFICER (LONGMAN) *
Walk.

The Texan limps toward the landing, where the FRJ Black Officer (Nathan) and a Bald Officer await him. The Armed Officer (Rod) follows the prisoner, and the Blond FRJ Officer brings up the rear. * * *

69 INT. FRJ DETENTION CENTER / STAIRWELL - SAME 69

The foremost pair turns and walks down the steps. Bradley crosses the corrugated landing and descends, followed by the Armed FRJ Officer (Rod) and the Blond FRJ Officer (Longman). *

BLOND FRJ OFFICER (LONGMAN) *
(to Bradley)
Why the hell'd you do this?

BRADLEY
Didn't like my shoes.

The Armed Officer and the Blond Officer exchange a troubled glance. The foremost men reach the fifth floor landing and face their prisoner.

Bradley leaps and SLAMS into the Black Officer. The surprised man stumbles backward. The Armed Officer raises his shotgun. *

ARMED FRJ OFFICER #1 (ROD) *
Hold right-

Bradley SLAMS his left shoulder into the Black Officer and pins him to the fence, CLANG. The Armed Officer points his gun, but cannot risk a shot. *

ARMED FRJ OFFICER #1 (ROD) (CONT'D) *
Damn.

Again, Bradley throws his weight into the Black Officer. Ribs CRACK. The pinned man YELLS.

The Armed Officer leaps onto the landing and swings the haft of his firearm at the back of Bradley's head. The Texan sees the man's shadow and feints right. The gun stock CRACKS into the face of the Black Officer. The Armed Officer is stunned. *

ARMED FRJ OFFICER #1 (ROD) (CONT'D) *
No.

Bradley SLAMS into the Armed Officer and drives him to the stairs, where he trips, falls and drops his weapon.

The Blond Officer sprays chemical agent into the Texan's eyes. Blinded, Bradley stumbles back. A baton CRACKS against the back of his head, and he THUDS upon the landing.

BLOND FRJ OFFICER (LONGMAN) *
Goddamn this guy.

Reddened eyes closed, Bradley COUGHS, presses his palms to the floor and starts to rise. On the far side of the fifth tier, he sees several INMATES watching the confrontation, including Lefty, who shakes his head sadly.

The Blond Officer presses the stun gun into the Texan's neck.

BLOND FRJ OFFICER (LONGMAN) (CONT'D) *
Inspect the floor.

The officer CLICKS the button; light CRACKLES. The Texan convulses and collapses, THUD.

The Armed Officer grabs his pump-action shotgun, grips the rail, rises from the steps and hobbles over to the prostrated inmate. He looks over at the Black Officer, who cradles his bleeding and broken nose. *

ARMED FRJ OFFICER #1 (ROD) *
Randolph. *

FRJ BLACK OFFICER (NATHAN) *
Yeah? *

ARMED FRJ OFFICER #1 (ROD) *
You want to give him some justice? *

FRJ BLACK OFFICER (NATHAN) *
You bet.

The Black Officer wipes his face and grips his fractured ribs. After two WHEEZING breaths, he approaches the prone Texan. *

FRJ BLACK OFFICER (NATHAN) (CONT'D) *
Goddamn nutcase.

The Black Officer places the tread of his left boot upon Bradley's tattoo. *

FRJ BLACK OFFICER (NATHAN) (CONT'D) *
Hope you like it over in Redleaf.

The Black Officer grinds his boot into the back of Bradley's skull, as if he were extinguishing a cigarette butt. Flesh SQUEAKS and blood runs.

70 INT/EXT. PRISON BUS / HIGHWAY - DAWN 70

Blue dawn glowers outside the windows of the RUMBLING prison bus. Upon the back of Bradley's down-turned head are scabs, exposed stitches, bandages and swollen bits of the barbwire cross tattoo. The vehicle hits a bump, and the chains that bind his wrists and ankles JINGLE like loose change. His mind is filled with concerns and self-recriminations.

Seated on the other side of the bus are Sean, the Blond Officer, the obese Driver in gray and the plastic box with Bradley's street clothes and possessions.

The Texan raises his gaze and looks through the windshield. The highway is empty, excepting a few distant freighter trucks. The prisoner looks west. In the distance looms the decrepit downtown area wherein he trafficked narcotics.

DRIVER
Yuck.

Something dark appears in the road up ahead. The Driver cuts the wheel, circumventing the obstruction. Bradley turns in his seat and looks back. Lying upon the stained highway is the misshapen corpse of a dead mountain goat.

71 INT/EXT. PRISON BUS / REDLEAF PRISON - MORNING 71

The bus RUMBLES up a dirt road that divides two fields of sere ochre weeds. Morning sunlight glares upon the windshield, turning the Driver, the officers and Bradley into brilliant specters. On the eastern horizon stands a tall, narrow, rust-colored edifice that has six towers jutting from its outer wall, their interstices filled with a dense and glinting barbed-wire mesh.

BLOND FRJ OFFICER
Billy?

DRIVER
Yeah?

BLOND FRJ OFFICER
How old's Redleaf?

DRIVER
Older than you.

BLOND FRJ OFFICER
Made in the sixties?

DRIVER
When did they start making that big fuss about humane treatment for prisoners?

The Blond Officer looks over at Sean.

SEAN
Late fifties.

DRIVER
Redleaf's from before then.

Squinting in the sunlight, Bradley watches his future home rise up from the weeds, a weathered edifice of mismatched red and brown bricks.

SEAN
Looks like a concentration camp.

72 EXT. REDLEAF PRISON / LEFT FRONT TOWER - MOMENTS LATER 72

The bus RUMBLES up the dirt road, kicking dirt and stones, and stops beside the prison's northwest tower. Four REDLEAF OFFICERS, all of whom wear black clothing and matching hats, emerge from an iron door. Three of the security officers are muscular, clean-shaven fellows in their late twenties, armed with stun guns and rifles. The fourth man is WARDEN TUGGS, a fifty-four-year-old with a hard gut on his big frame, slits where his eyes should be and a slender gray mustache. An unlit cigar juts from his thin lips, a revolver sits upon his right hip and a stun prod depends from his belt.

Inside the bus, Sean says something to Bradley. The prisoner rises to his feet. The Driver pulls a handle, and the front door collapses, CREAK-CREAK.

Bradley walks down the steps and onto the dirt road. Sunlight strikes his battered face and throws his shadow across the sere topography. For a silent moment, the Redleaf Officers survey their new prisoner.

At present, Sean emerges from the bus, carrying the plastic box that contains Bradley's possessions. Warden Tuggs plucks his cigar from his mouth and points it at the officer in gray.

WARDEN TUGGS
What's your name?

SEAN
Sean Waterford.

WARDEN TUGGS
The name of your prisoner is?

SEAN
Bradley Thomas. You should have received the paperwork earlier-

WARDEN TUGGS
Don't tell me my business. I do things direct and have a system.

SEAN
Sorry.

Warden Tuggs walks toward the bus, flanked by his subordinates, and points his unlit cigar at Bradley.

WARDEN TUGGS
This is the fellow who likes to beat up officers?

SEAN
Yes.

WARDEN TUGGS
How many boys did he take down?

SEAN
Two are in the hospital and a third sustained minor injuries.

WARDEN TUGGS
He whipped three of you?

SEAN
We tried-

Warden Tuggs waves his cigar in the air, precluding Sean's defense. The big Redleaf Officers smirk.

Warden Tuggs's wide shadow climbs up the Texan's green clothing, steel chains and battered face. The head of security stops, leaving a yard between himself and the prisoner. Bradley keeps his gaze on the ground.

WARDEN TUGGS
Mr. Thomas. Look at me.

Bradley raises his eyes. Warden Tuggs bites on his cigar and withdraws the stun prod from his belt.

WARDEN TUGGS (CONT'D)
The Redleaf Detention Center is classified as a "maximum security" facility, but there's another term I prefer, one that will give you a clearer picture-

The wide man points the metal prongs of the stun prod at Bradley's face.

WARDEN TUGGS (CONT'D)
"Minimum freedom."

Bradley remains cool, inscrutable.

WARDEN TUGGS (CONT'D)
If you make trouble, your minimum freedom will get smaller-- so small it's microscopic. Do you understand?

BRADLEY
I do.

WARDEN TUGGS
Put a sir on that.

BRADLEY
I do, Sir.

Warden Tuggs points the stun prod at the plastic box.

WARDEN TUGGS
Dump that out.

Sean upends the plastic box. Onto the dirt road fall Bradley's possessions. The Texan watches grit settle upon his wedding ring.

Warden Tuggs looks at Bradley.

WARDEN TUGGS (CONT'D)
The officers here aren't like those faggots over at The Fridge.

With the tip of his prod, Warden Tuggs draws a circle in the air. At present, the Redleaf Officers point their rifles at Bradley and close in.

WARDEN TUGGS (CONT'D)
Test us if you want to. Prisoners are expensive and we're happy to help the state balance its budget by deploying some cheap lead.

Bradley does not lower his gaze. At present, Warden Tuggs glances at Sean, who is bristling.

WARDEN TUGGS (CONT'D)
Unlock Mr. Thomas so that he can change into his neons.

Sean withdraws his keys, takes five strides and unlocks Bradley's right wrist and ankle, CLACK, CLACK. He hands the keys to Warden Tuggs. A Redleaf Officer tosses a pile of neon orange clothing into the dirt at Bradley's feet, THUMP.

Without another word, Sean returns to the prison bus. The Driver closes the door, CREAK-CREAK. The engine RUMBLES, and the vehicle departs from Redleaf.

Warden Tuggs SPITS into the dirt.

WARDEN TUGGS (CONT'D)
Bad news, Mr. Thomas. The examination room is under renovation, so you'll have to strip out here.

Bradley looks at Redleaf's facade; pale faces sit like wraiths behind begrimed windows, watching.

WARDEN TUGGS (CONT'D)
Wilson. Give him a full cavity inspection.

Wilson, a baby-faced officer with a thin blond mustache and bright blue eyes, SNAPS a latex glove over his right hand.

73 INT. REDLEAF PRISON / ASSIGNMENT AREA - MOMENTS LATER 73

A REDLEAF SENTRY, armed with a revolver and a stun gun, opens a CREAKING iron door. Bradley, wearing handcuffs and a neon orange uniform, enters the room, followed by Warden Tuggs, Wilson and a tall officer. Daylight shines into the enclosure, which is furnished with old wood benches that are bolted to the floor, file cabinets that are secured to the walls and a long metal desk, behind which sits a black CLERK who resembles and unhappy bullfrog.

The sentry SLAMS the door and twists the key, CLANK. Bradley looks at Warden Tuggs.

BRADLEY
How about my things? My ring and-

WARDEN TUGGS
I'll get them tomorrow.

The amphibious Clerk pushes glasses up his nose and appraises Bradley as if he were a fly.

WILSON
This is the transfer from The Fridge. Bradley Thomas.

The Clerk looks down at a clipboard, scans a list of names and nods his head.

CLERK *
Cell Block 12. Cell 44.

WARDEN TUGGS
You mean 56.

A meaningful look passes between Warden Tuggs and the Clerk.

CLERK
That's what I meant. Read it wrong.
(he TAPS his clipboard)
It's 56.

Warden Tuggs gives Wilson the keys.

WARDEN TUGGS
Take him over.

74 INT. REDLEAF PRISON / LONG CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER 74

Bradley walks up a red brick corridor, flanked by the two Redleaf Officers. Reflections of the bare overhead bulbs crawl across the inmate's chains like luminous insects.

75 INT. REDLEAF PRISON / CELL BLOCK 12 - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER 75

The three men traverse a brick passageway that has numerous iron doors on either side, all of which are closed. Throughout the enclosure, muted WAILS and CURSES echo.

WILSON
Stop here.

In front of cell number 56, Bradley stops. Wilson removes a key from his belt, inserts it into the latch and twists his hand, CLACK. After drawing a deep breath into his lungs, the baby-faced officer opens the door.

Bradley grimaces and turns his head. The other officer steps back, fanning the air.

WILSON (CONT'D)
The toilet doesn't work, though that doesn't seem to stop people from using it.

Wilson presses his stun gun against Bradley's neck.

WILSON (CONT'D)
Walk inside or get dragged in. Your choice.

Bradley enters the cell. Wilson shuts the door, THUNK, locks it, CLACK, and opens the food slot.

WILSON (CONT'D)
Put your hands through.

Bradley's bound hands emerge from the rectilinear aperture. Wilson unlocks the cuffs, CLACK-CLACK, and removes them.

WILSON (CONT'D)
Behave yourself for two weeks and you'll get a different cell. Go wild like you did in The Fridge and you'll stay here for years.

Wilson closes the foot slot, CLANK.

76 INT. REDLEAF PRISON / CELL BLOCK 12 - ROOM 56 - SAME 76

Bradley turns away from the iron door and faces the dank and moldy eight-foot-by-eight-foot brick enclosure that is his new home. Gray sunlight struggles through a filthy, wire-reinforced window and shines upon a mattress, a rusty spigot and a lidless toilet that is filled with dark remainders.

Breath held, the Texan removes his neon shirt, folds it thrice, and ties it over the bottom half of his face.

77 INT. REDLEAF PRISON / CELL BLOCK 12 - ROOM 56 - LATER 77

Bradley lies upon his mattress, shirt tied across his face, eyes closed. Something CLANGS upon the metal door and awakens him.

WILSON (O.S.)
Lunch!

The food slot opens, CLANK, and a red tray extrudes.

BRADLEY
I can't eat in here. The toilet's full up with shit.

The tray retreats, and the food slot closes, CLANK.

WILSON (O.S.)
James, make a note. Prisoner Thomas in 56 refuses to eat.

78 INT. REDLEAF PRISON / CELL BLOCK 12 - ROOM 56 - 3 PM 78

Something CLANGS upon the metal door; Bradley opens his eyes.

WILSON (O.S.)
Thomas.

BRADLEY
Yeah?

The metal slot in the middle of the door opens up, CLANK. Eyes peer inside.

WILSON
Put your shirt on if you want to go to the yard.

Bradley removes the shirt from his face and dons the garment.

A lock CLANKS, and the door withdraws. Wilson, holding his nose and a stun gun, steps back from the door. A second Redleaf Officer stands two yards away, armed with a shock device and a revolver.

WILSON (CONT'D)
Come out and shut the door.

Bradley exits his malodorous cell and shuts the door, CLANK.

79 EXT. REDLEAF PRISON / INNER COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER 79

Bradley, Wilson and the other Officer emerge from a hallway and enter the inner courtyard, an area that is enclosed by various prison buildings. Nine INMATES, all of whom are * dressed in neon orange uniforms, stand around, walk in circles, sit upon bolted benches or work out with weights. In the tower overlooking the area are four REDLEAF OFFICERS * with riot guns and rifles.

Wilson eyes Bradley for a moment.

WILSON
You've got one hour. Behave and you'll get more. Go wild and you'll live in that cell twenty-four hours a day.

Wilson and his peer reenter the hall and shut the door.

Bradley turns around and surveys the maximum security Inmates. Furtive eyes appraise the new arrival. On the far side of the courtyard, the Texan sees FIVE TATTOOED LATINOS curling, squatting and bench-pressing weights.

DERRICK, a white man of thirty-four who has long black hair * that is pulled back in a ponytail, hastens across the brick and extends his right hand.

DERRICK
My name's Derrick.

BRADLEY
Bradley.

The Texan shakes the proffered appendage and notices that the fellow is missing his pinky and half of his ring finger.

DERRICK
Would you believe me if I said I was in the Yakuza?

BRADLEY
Nope.

Derrick grins at nothing.

DERRICK
Your first day?

BRADLEY
It is.
(he points to the weights)
I'm gonna go work out.

DERRICK
You don't want to get near those guys. Trust me.

Derrick indicates a bench on the sunlit side of the yard.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
Lets talk over there.

The long-haired inmate walks toward the lighted area, beckoning the Texan with his incomplete hand. Warily, Bradley follows.

BRADLEY
What're you in on?

DERRICK
Possession and trafficking. You?

BRADLEY
Same.

Derrick pats Bradley on the shoulder and grins.

DERRICK
A fellow businessman.

The Texan hides his revulsion. At present, the two white men enter the swath of sunlight and sit upon a fixed bench.

BRADLEY
Those Mexicans want to hurt you?

DERRICK
They want to hurt everybody.

BRADLEY
But you're looking for protection--
that's why you scampered over to me?

Derrick wrinkles his face, insulted.

DERRICK
I didn't "scamper."

BRADLEY
You came at me quick, and I doubt it was because you thought I was into backgammon.

DERRICK
C'mon Brad, it's tough in Redleaf. A friend can make things better. And a hard case like you is five friends.

Bradley surveys the unfriendly faces in the courtyard and glances at his anxious companion.

BRADLEY
I have some questions.

DERRICK
Ask.

BRADLEY
Do you know a guy named Christopher Bridge? An inmate here.

Derrick ponders the information for a moment.

DERRICK
Haven't heard of him.

Bradley gestures at the surrounding Inmates.

BRADLEY
Which of these guys are from Cell Block 99?

DERRICK
None of them.

Concerned, Bradley looks over at Derrick.

BRADLEY
Where are they?

Derrick TAPS the courtyard floor with his left foot.

DERRICK
Underground, I think. Cell Block 99's closely monitored cases, isolated from the rest of the prison.

Bradley rubs the stitches on the back of his skull, SNORTS and shakes his head, frustrated.

BRADLEY
Who do they keep in there?

DERRICK
Child molesters. Rapists. Guys with death sentences. Psychotics.

For a long and heavy moment, Bradley ruminates. He massages his bandaged hands, looks at the pale stripe of skin upon his ring finger and makes a decision. Without a word, the Texan rises from the bench and looks across the yard at the notorious Latinos.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

Bradley waves at the gang. Weights CLANK against metal. The members of the quintet glare at the Texan.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
Brad. What's wrong with you?

BRADLEY
It's Bradley. And I'm psychotic.

Derrick puts his hand on Bradley's right shoulder.

DERRICK
Just calm down. You're big, but there are five of-

Bradley SLAPS away Derrick's arm.

BRADLEY
Leave me alone, scumbag.

DERRICK
Scumbag? You did the same thing I-

Bradley PUNCHES Derrick in the stomach, knocking the wind from his lungs. The long-haired man doubles over and GASPS.

The Texan departs from the swath of sunlight, his gaze focused on the quintet of glaring Latinos. The tallest member of the crew, a fellow with the letters M.P.V. on his neck, folds his arms, and so do his amigos, who are distinguished by a goatee, a teardrop tattoo, a scarified face and a crucifix pendant.

Twenty feet separate Bradley and the Latinos.

The Texan CRACKS his knuckles and continues forward. Tension thickens the air. Uninvolved Inmates disperse.

The Latino with the teardrop tattoo SPITS onto the brick, and the fellow to his left scratches his thin goatee; the one labelled M.P.V. lifts his chin and looks down his nose, nostrils flaring like a horse.

Five feet from the crew, Bradley stops. He points at a bench that is equipped with a barbel and loaded with lead weights.

BRADLEY
I'm gonna use that.

M.P.V.
We usin' it now, gringo.

BRADLEY
Don't call me a foreigner. Last time I looked, the colors of the flag weren't red, white and burrito.

M.P.V.
You want to start some stuff?

BRADLEY
I'm more of a finisher.

The Latino with scarified cheeks and his amigo with the crucifix pendant look at M.P.V.

LATINO WITH CRUCIFIX
Loco en la cabeza, muy...

BRADLEY
That's right-- I'm loco. Now get the fuck out of my crazy way.

Bradley walks toward the bench; the Latinos interpose themselves between the Texan and his destination. Upon the wall, two Redleaf Officers take notice. *

REDLEAF OFFICER (SAM) *
Hey! What's going on down there?

Bradley shoves the posturing obstruction; the Latino with the teardrop tattoo stumbles back and throws a punch. The Texan grabs the man's fist and SLAMS it into his amigo's face. M.P.V.'s nose SNAPS, and he falls to the bricks, THUD. Inside the tower, a whistle SKIRLS.

VOICE THROUGH MEGAPHONE
Faces against the wall! Everybody!

Bradley twists his opponent's wrist. The man with the teardrop tattoo YELLS. His arm POPS out of its socket, and he falls to the bricks, THUD. The Latino with the crucifix pendant punches Bradley across the jaw, SMACK.

Throughout the courtyard, Inmates hasten toward the walls, away from the confrontation.

Bradley elbows the crucifix-adorned Latino in the cheek, SMACK. The fellow punches the Texan's ear, SMACK. Bradley slams his elbow into the man's open mouth; teeth CRACK and buckle. The Mexican GURGLES and withdraws, spitting blood. Sticking in the Texan's arm are two incisors.

The remaining Latinos--the one with the goatee and the fellow with scarified cheeks--cast weights to the ground, CLANK-CLANK, CLANK-CLANK, and raise heavy barbels.

VOICE THROUGH MEGAPHONE (CONT'D)
Break it up or we'll open fire!

The Scarified Latino swings a barbel at the big white man. Bradley pivots; iron SMACKS his shoulder, and he chews the pain. The Texan rushes his opponent and seizes his neck.

The Goateed Latino swings his barbel; Bradley shields himself with the other hombre's head. Iron CRACKS the scarified man's skull, and his right eye fills with blood.

GOATEED LATINO
Mauricio!

Bradley shoves the brained man aside and faces his only upright opponent-- the Goateed Latino. A bullet SHATTERS a stone tile between the adversaries.

VOICE THROUGH MEGAPHONE
The next shot goes into a skull! *

Bradley looks at the tower and sees five faces, four rifles and the bell of a white megaphone.

VOICE THROUGH MEGAPHONE (CONT'D)
Drop the barbel.

The Goateed Latino relinquishes his iron bar, CLANK, and glares balefully at the Texan.

VOICE THROUGH MEGAPHONE (CONT'D)
Put your hands in the air and back away from each other.

Bradley raises his hands and withdraws from his opponent.

The Goateed Latino looks at his brained amigo--the injured man staggers in a circle, holding his swollen head, MOANING.

GOATEED LATINO
¿Maurizio? ¿Lo mal que es?

Maurizio drops to his knees. His face is pale and glistening, and he trembles.

GOATEED LATINO (CONT'D)
¿Maurizio?

VOICE THROUGH MEGAPHONE
Walk to the wall. Now!

The Goateed Latino looks up at the officers.

GOATEED LATINO
Maurizio needs help.

Maurizio's shoulder hitch; tears leak from his dark red eye.

Bradley reaches the west wall, against which eight Inmates have pressed their faces, arms upraised. The Texan looks over his shoulder at the brained Latino. *

Maurzio clamps his hands to his mouth, leans forward and convulses; blood squirts from and right ear; ochre vomit dribbles between his fingers.

GOATEED LATINO (CONT'D)
¡Maurizio!

Maurizio SLAMS into the pavement, facedown. The Goateed Latino careens at Bradley, murder in his eyes.

VOICE THROUGH MEGAPHONE
Stop or we'll shoot!

Heedless, the Latino charges. A gunshot CRACKS across the courtyard. Blood erupts from the Mexican's right shoulder, but he continues toward the Texan, furious and undaunted.

GOATEED LATINO
Look what you done!

The nearby Inmates disperse. Bradley walks from the wall, hands out, ready to meet his attacker.

GOATEED LATINO (CONT'D)
¡Diablo!

The goateed Latino lunges and SLAMS into Bradley; the Texan's back SLAMS into the brick wall. A gunshot CRACKS; a brick bursts, peppering the combatants with red grit.

The Goateed Latino clamps his hands onto Bradley's neck--cutting off the Texan's air--and presses against him so that his front is shielded from blows.

GOATEED LATINO (CONT'D)
For Maurizio, I kill you!

Bradley POUNDS the side of his opponent's head, but the enraged Latino does not releases him. On the far side of the courtyard, Wilson and three other Redleaf Officers emerge from a door, stun guns withdrawn.

WILSON
Gonzalez! Get off of him!

The Goateed Latino digs his thumbnails into Bradley's neck. Rage courses through the Texan;

he throws his arms around his opponent, grips his right wrist and pulls his steely arms together. Inside the Latino, ribs CRACK.

Wilson and his men race toward the fray, stun guns upraised.

Bradley tightens his bear hug; a lumbar bone SNAPS. The goateed Latino jerks, rigid, and releases the Texan's neck. Bradley shoves his twitching foe to the ground, looks at the onrushing officers, and SPITS.

REDLEAF OFFICER (SAM) *
He's insane.

WILSON
Mr. Thomas, stand there or-

Bradley charges toward Wilson and his crew. The officers set their feet and raise their shock devices.

Bradley picks up a weight bench, raises it over his head, and throws it at the Redleaf Officers. They disperse. Hurled metal CLANGS against the stone. At present, the Texan scoops up a fifty-pound lead weight and whips it at Wilson. It SNAPS the officer's arm and sends him to the ground, YELLING.

The muzzle of a gun presses into Bradley's tattoo, and a hammer is thumbed, CLICK. The Texan raises his hands and looks over his shoulder. Behind him stands Warden Tuggs, pointing a very significant revolver.

WARDEN TUGGS
You just lost your minimum freedom.

Officers converge. The Texan's arms are yanked behind his back and fitted with handcuffs, CLICK-CLICK. Upon his ankles, fetters are clamped, CLANK-CLANK.

WARDEN TUGGS (CONT'D)
You're going to 99.

An officer pulls a black hood over Bradley's head and the world disappears.

80 INT. REDLEAF PRISON / STOREROOM - LATER 80 *

Two Redleaf Officers, and Warden Tuggs guide their hooded and * shackled prisoner into a storeroom, the walls of which are covered with metal shelves that contain canned good and sacks of rice, flower and barley.

The door SLAMS shut. Warden Tuggs SCRATCHES a match and lights his cigar; the flame twinkles in the darkened slits that are his eyes. *

A waiting JAILOR walks to the west wall, reaches his right hand behind a row of two-gallon tomato cans and CLICKS a switch. An unseen mechanism CLANKS. *

WARDEN TUGGS *
Pull it wide. *

A tall Redleaf Officer joins his peers at the shelf of canned goods. At present, they press their palms to the metal unit and lean sideways. The shelf slides along a runner, revealing a narrow corridor. *

81 INT. REDLEAF PRISON / NARROW CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER 81

The hooded prisoner, guided by the officers and Jailor, walks up the brick passageway, his chains CLINKING. Two yards behind them strides Warden Tuggs, smoking and ruminating. *

Bradley passes a wall-mounted light bulb and approaches a dark doorway. The head of security exhales smoke.

WARDEN TUGGS
Make sure he doesn't trip on his chains.

Two officers shove Bradley into the opening. His fetters snap taut, CLINK, and he falls into darkness.

82 INT. REDLEAF PRISON / SUBTERRANEAN STAIRWELL - SAME 82

Bradley SLAMS against the stairwell and rolls. Steps SMACK his spine, his left shoulder, his chest, his ribs, his right side and his sternum.

83 INT. REDLEAF PRISON / SUBTERRANEAN ROOM - SAME 83

A brick floor SLAMS into the Texan's back, knocking the remainder of air from his lungs. Lying on the floor of the dark underground room, Bradley shakes off his black hood, raises his head and looks up. At the top of the stairwell glows an orange circle that is the end of a cigar.

WARDEN TUGGS
You should be more careful.

The orange dot descends the steps, flanked by other dark shapes. Within the enclosure, the FOOTFALLS of hard-soled boots echo. Miniature blue lightning momentarily flashes across the metal prongs of a stun gun, describing the security force with an azure radiance. The Texan squints.

The orange dot descends, and the FOOTFALLS grow louder. Bradley leans forward. Pain courses through his battered body, a web of interconnected agonies.

Dark shapes surround the prisoner. At present, a boot lands upon his shoulder and presses his back to the brick floor.

Overhead, the orange dot that is the end of Warden Tuggs's cigar brightens and bursts. Sparks shower the Texan's chest.

WARDEN TUGGS (CONT'D)
I suspect that Amnesty International would frown upon the contents of this room.

A switch CLICKS. A dangling tungsten bulb burgeons, throwing light upon an upright cage that has the dimensions of a coffin, an iron bench that has been bolted to the floor and two metal walls that are adorned with thick black belts, rubber-coated hammers and obscure draconian devices comprised of straps and nails.

Warden Tuggs looks down at Bradley.

WARDEN TUGGS (CONT'D)
Cell Block 99 is the prison within the prison.
(he drags on his cigar)
You'll stay down here until you're sorted out or carried out.

The head of security exhales smoke and points to one of the belts that hangs upon the wall; an officer walks toward the indicated item. At present, Warden Tuggs looks at the Jailor.

WARDEN TUGGS (CONT'D)
Stand him up.

The Jailor and another officer grab the Texan's arms and jerk him to his feet. Around the wobbly inmate, the room spins.

WARDEN TUGGS (CONT'D)
For the next month, you're going to wear this- *

An officer presses the modules of a stun belt against * Bradley's kidneys, pulls two straps across his stomach, secures them with velcro, tightens a nylon strap, fits a padlock on the dangling tongue and closes it, CLICK.

WARDEN TUGGS (CONT'D)
Turn it on.

The officer inserts a key into the belt and twists it clockwise; the device CHIRPS. From a nearby shelf, Warden Tuggs takes a remote control that looks like a CB radio with a thick antenna. He looks at the prisoner.

WARDEN TUGGS (CONT'D)
Each time you misbehave, you'll earn five points. Every point gets you one of these-

Warden Tuggs CLICKS the remote control. The belt BEEPS. Bradley convulses and chews pain, torso twisting, muscles straining. After eight seconds, the BEEP stops. The Texan GASPS, sweat dripping down his red face.

WARDEN TUGGS (CONT'D)
You currently have twenty-five points. These shall be dispensed to you throughout the coming week. When you are eating. When you are sleeping. When you are pissing and when you are shitting.

Bradley glares at Warden Tuggs's dark slits, but says nothing. The head of security drags on his cigar, exhales and points the ashen tip over the prisoner's shoulder.

WARDEN TUGGS (CONT'D)
Turn around.

The Texan turns away from Warden Tuggs and faces the far side of the room, where the black Jailor twists a key, CLACK, and opens an iron door. From the darkness beyond come the sounds of men MOANING and WEEPING.

84 INT. REDLEAF PRISON / CELL BLOCK 99 - CORRIDOR - SAME 84

Bradley and the Jailor walk up a brown brick hallway, followed by the other Redleaf Officers and Warden Tuggs. Upon either side of the passage are metal doors with thin slits through which eyes gleam and disembodied fingers wriggle like the limbs of arachnids. MOANS and SOBS resound.

The Jailor pauses beside a door and pushes it open; hinges CREAK. Hands shove Bradley into the enclosure. Between his ankles, taut chains CLINK.

85 INT. REDLEAF PRISON / CELL BLOCK 99 - CELL 18 - SAME 85

Bradley stumbles into the windowless cell, the ceiling of which is only two inches higher than his bare scalp. Beside the door and behind a latticework of wire sits a dim light bulb that illuminates the floor and the mattress, both of which are covered with broken glass. The iron door SLAMS shut, and its bolt CLACKS.

WARDEN TUGGS
Watch out for the broken glass.

The belt BEEPS. Bradley convulses and drops to his knees; glass CRUNCHES. Veins and arteries stand out upon his skin, a bas relief of agony. The BEEP stops and his body relaxes.

Bradley rises to his feet; pieces of glass are stuck in his knees and shins. In the corridor outside, a door SLAMS.

The Cell Block 99 inmate clenches his left hand, looks at the pale stripe of skin and presses it to his mouth. With his right index finger and thumb, he plucks a shard of glass from his knee and discards it inside the black hole in the floor that is the cell's primitive toilet.

86 INT. UNKNOWN BASEMENT - NIGHT 86

A small amount of blue-green moonlight creeps through the horizontal windows atop the basement's east wall. Tied to a chair in center of the enclosure is Lauren, blindfolded and asleep. Her nightgown is damp with sweat and flecked with blood and grime. Atop a wooden stairwell, a door CREAKS.

Roused, the long-limbed redhead turns her blindfolded face toward the noise. Standing in the doorway is the Placid Man. *

LAUREN
Who's there?

The Placid Man descends the stairwell. Beneath his shoes, wooden steps CREAK. *

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Who's there?

The Placid Man reaches the floor, walks to the lamp that stands beside the bound woman and CLICKS it on. Bright light spills upon the captive. *

LAUREN (CONT'D)
What do you want with me? *

The swarthy fellow reaches into the inner pocket of his suit jacket and withdraws his telephone. With long fingernails, he taps the screen, CLICK-CLICK-CLICK-CLICK. *

PLACID MAN *
Eleazar has asked me to take a few more pictures.

The door CREAKS. The blindfolded woman turns her head.

LAUREN
Is that him? Eleazar?

Down the stairwell walks a small fifty-year-old FILIPINO who has a flattened nose, pock-marked skin, a dark gray suit, small hands and a heavy suitcase. *

PLACID MAN *
That is the abortionist.

Lauren's mouth goes dry; the color drains from her face.

LAUREN
You can't. Please, please- *

PLACID MAN *
He is here to perform a preliminary examination.

The Filipino descends; stairs CREAK beneath his shiny leather shoes. Inside his heavy suitcase, metal CLINKS. *

PLACID MAN (CONT'D) *
His future endeavors shall be determined by your husband's actions.

LAUREN *
This--this is a baby you're talking *
about...an innocent baby girl. You *
can't- *

PLACID MAN *
It is lamentable that she did not have smart parents.

In her seat, Lauren silently mouths the words of a prayer. The abortionist reaches the floor of the basement; his heavy suitcase CLANKS.

87 INT. REDLEAF PRISON / CELL BLOCK 99 - CELL 18 - LATE NIGHT 87

Bradley, wearing shackles and the padlocked stun belt, lies unconscious in the tiny, dimly-lighted room. Somebody CACKLES in a distant cell, awakening the Texan.

He rubs his eyes, adjusts his CLINKING chains, sits upright and looks through the horizontal opening in the iron door. Outside, the cell block hallway is dark, excepting a few luminous slits. The Texan clears his throat.

BRADLEY
Christopher Bridge.

The name echoes up and down the dark corridor. The sound dwindles, and silence returns.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
(louder)
Christopher Bridge.

MAN WITH MISMATCHED EYES (O.S.)
Who?

MISMATCHED EYES appear behind the slit across the corridor.

BRADLEY
Christopher Bridge. Chris Bridge.

MAN WITH MISMATCHED EYES
Never heard of him.

BRADLEY
I'm looking for a guy named Chris B-

DEEP MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Quiet! I'm tryin' to sleep. And there ain't no guy named Chris in here.

Bradley grows wary.

BRADLEY
Are you sure about-

The stun belt BEEPS; the battered Texan collapses, his muscles tight and straining. Sweat beads upon his skin. At the far end of the corridor, door hinges CREAK.

JAILOR (O.S.)
There.

FOOTFALLS resonate, louder and louder, and stop immediately outside of Bradley's cell. The stun belt deactivates.

JAILOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
In this one.

An unseen switch CLICKS. The bulb beside the door dies, throwing the cell into darkness. A flashlight shines through the slit and glares in Bradley's eyes.

The lock CLACKS and the door opens. Standing in the hallway behind the Jailor is the baby-faced officer Wilson, whose fractured right arm has been fitted with a cast from which juts a hand that clutches the stun belt's remote control.

WILSON
Get up, Mr. Thomas.

Bradley leans forward and rises to his feet.

WILSON (CONT'D)
Into the hall.

88 INT. REDLEAF PRISON / CELL BLOCK 99 - CORRIDOR - SAME 88

Bradley emerges from the cell. Wilson raises the remote control; the Jailor illuminates the Texan's face.

WILSON
Look at me.

BRADLEY
I'd prefer the stun belt.

Wilson CLICKS the remote control. The belt BEEPS. Bradley convulses and doubles over, skin reddening. After eight slow seconds, the BEEP stops. PANTING and dripping with sweat, the Texan rises.

WILSON
Look at me.

Bradley looks at Wilson. Nearby, the anxious Jailor fidgets.

WILSON (CONT'D)
Do not blink until I give you permission to blink.

Bradley winks.

WILSON (CONT'D)
Funny.

The baby-faced officer CLICKS the remote control. The stun belt BEEPS, and the Texan doubles over. Wilson relishes Bradley's agony, nodding his head. After a few seconds, the Jailor turns away. The BEEP stops. Tremulous and dripping, Bradley PANTS and rises.

WILSON (CONT'D)
It's easy to press this button. And we have a closet full of batteries.

Bradley wipes mucus and sweat from his face, chains RATTLING.

WILSON (CONT'D)
Look at me.

The Texan looks at the embittered, baby-faced officer.

WILSON (CONT'D)
Do not blink until I give you permission to blink.

Bradley stares forward. The baby-faced officer returns his unblinking gaze. In a nearby cell, somebody MOANS.

Perspiration drips into the Texan's eyes, but he neither blinks nor wipes the moisture away. Wilson nods.

WILSON (CONT'D)
That's good.

Bradley continues to stare at Wilson.

WILSON (CONT'D)
Walk up the hallway. Go slow.

The Texan turns away from the officer and proceeds up the corridor, chains CLINKING between his ankles and wrists.

WILSON (CONT'D)
A few inmates requested a little face time with you. And I know you like to socialize.

Bradley looks over his shoulder.

BRADLEY
Who?

The Jailor shines his flashlight directly into the Bradley's eyes. Wilson grins.

WILSON
Friends of yours.

Within Bradley's mind, a dark suspicion grows. He faces forward and continues up the corridor, chains CLINKING.

At present, the Texan turns the corner and looks up the hallway. Beyond an open portal lies a lighted room from which emanate the sounds of drums, mournful slide guitars and minor key fiddles-- COUNTRY MUSIC that is clouded by STATIC.

MALE VOICE (O.S.) *
Blanco... *

Bradley's stomach sinks. At the ends of his arms, raw fists tighten like the knots of nooses.

MALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D) *
Blanco... *

89 INT. REDLEAF PRISON / CELL BLOCK 99 - COMMON AREA - SAME 89

Bradley enters the room, fetters CLINKING. Fluorescent lights shine upon three wooden tables, four metal chairs and the backs of two uniformed INMATES who adjust the wire hanger antenna of a cracked boombox that produces static and country music in equal parts.

The prisoners turn around and face Bradley. They are Roman, the gun-happy Peruvian, and his boss, the drug-lord Eleazar.

Bradley charges, but is paralyzed by the stun belt, which BEEPS. HISSING static overwhelms the country music.

Rigid with agony, the Texan gauges his former associates. Roman's shattered jaw is held together by wire, and the tribal tattoo that adorns his face is covered with bandages and stitches. Eleazar seems no different than when the Texan last saw him in Gil's basement, other than his neon apparel.

In the far corner of the room, JOHNNY MU, a Chinese man of thirty with a scar across his throat, watches the reunion, alongside his associate, M.P.V., the tall Latino from the courtyard whose nose was broken by Bradley.

The BEEP stops. Bradley rises, shaking and weak.

BRADLEY
If this is a surprise party, somebody missed the cue.

Wilson enters the room and tosses the remote control to Eleazar. The Mexican catches the device, CLICKING the button with his left palm. The stun belt BEEPS.

Bradley doubles over; country music turns into HISSING static. Veins and arteries crawl like worms across the Texan's skin.

WILSON
(to Eleazar)
Don't kill him today-- the Warden would have my ass.

ELEAZAR
We aren't in a hurry.

Wilson nods and departs. The BEEP stops; country music resurfaces from the ocean of static.

Bradley, red and gasping, raises his head and faces his former associates. Roman glares. Eleazar turns off the boombox, CLICK, and scratches the neat silver-black beard that adorns his sharp chin.

ELEAZAR (CONT'D)
Your heroics cost me three point two million dollars, as well as my freedom for an undetermined period of time. And because of you, my sister is a widow-- her husband was Pedro, whom you shot in the back.

BRADLEY
Let my wife go. You and I can settle this however-

Eleazar CLICKS the remote control. The stun belt BEEPS, and Bradley doubles over.

Roman picks up a metal chair and walks toward the Texan. Johnny Mu and M.P.V. watch the Peruvian's progress.

ROMAN
(muted by his wired jaw)
¡Mirame, Blanco! *

Roman SLAMS the chair into Bradley's back and sends him to the floor. The BEEP stops.

The Texan grabs the Peruvian's left ankle. Eleazar CLICKS the remote; the stun belt BEEPS. Bradley convulses. The Peruvian kicks away the prostrated man's hand. Upon the floor, Bradley writhes.

Eleazar reaches into the pocket of his neon orange uniform and withdraws a cellphone.

The BEEP stops. Bradley twitches involuntarily, his muscles overstimulated. Beside the weakened Texan, Eleazar kneels.

ELEAZAR
A few hours earlier, I received this picture-

Bradley looks up. Upon the cellphone screen is an image of Lauren, her ankles fettered to stainless steel gynecological stirrups. The Filipino crouches before her pelvis, bright surgical tools in his small hands.

Bradley lunges at Eleazar. The Mexican CLICKS the remote. The Texan convulses, his belt BEEPING. Across his skin crawl dilated veins.

BRADLEY
I. Will. Tear. Off. Your. Head.

Eleazar rises, shaking his head. Bradley writhes.

ELEAZAR
If you harm me or any of my associates, the abortionist will clip the limbs from your little girl.

The Mexican smiles, revealing the black niche that sits between the bare gums on the left side of his mouth.

The BEEP stops. Roman SLAMS the metal chair against Bradley. Johnny Mu and M.P.V. flank the Peruvian.

Bradley rises to his feet and wobbles, dazed. M.P.V. throws a fist into his nose; cartilage SNAPS. The Texan teeters. Agglutinated blood dangles from his nostrils. Roman swings the chair into Bradley's ribs, WHAM.

ROMAN
It’s a long, slow payback, Blanco. *

Johnny Mu walks up to Bradley and eyes him. Fast Wing Chun fists flurry the Texan’s chest, CRACK-CRACK-CRACK-CRACK-CRACK. Bradley doubles over and COUGHS up blood.

Roman seizes Bradley’s neck and SLAMS his skull into the wall. The Texan loses consciousness and drops to the floor.

Disappointed, Eleazar CLICKS the remote control.

The stun belt BEEPS. Bradley convulses and reddens, but does not regain consciousness.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
Looks like he’s needs a nap.

90 INT. REDLEAF PRISON / CELL BLOCK 99 - CORRIDOR - LATER 90

Wilson, the Jailor and a third Redleaf Officer drag Bradley toward his cell. Across the floor, chains dance and CLINK.

91 INT. REDLEAF PRISON / CELL BLOCK 99 - CELL 18 - NIGHT 91

Bradley, bloody and bruised, sleeps upon the filthy mattress. His neon orange uniform sticks to his body, soaked with sweat. In another cell, a man WEEPS.

BRADLEY
(muttered in his sleep; delirious)
Sorry.

SOBS echo.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
(muttered)
I’m sorry.

Unseen fists CLANG against an unyielding door.

92 INT. REDLEAF PRISON / CELL BLOCK 99 - CELL 18 - NIGHT 92

Bradley, dry and pallid, sleeps upon the filthy mattress. Outside the cell, hinges CREAK. The stun belt BEEPS. The Texan convulses and SMACKS his head against the brick wall. *

REDLEAF OFFICER (SAM) (O.S.) *
Chow time for 99!

In the corridor outside, two sets of FOOTFALLS echo. Bradley writhes, agonized, his belt BEEPING. *

REDLEAF OFFICER (SAM) (O.S.) (CONT'D) *
Here you go.

FOOTSTEPS echo. The stun belt BEEPS. Bradley reddens.

DEEP MALE VOICE (O.S.)
This shit smells like a cab driver. *

REDLEAF OFFICER (SAM) (O.S.) *
Enjoy.

The BEEP stops. Bradley GASPS for air, stretches his limbs and sits up; CLINKING chains pool in his lap like bright oil. Outside the door, FOOTFALLS echo. *

REDLEAF OFFICER (SAM) (O.S.) (CONT'D) *
Here.

MAN WITH A BROOKLYN ACCENT (O.S.)
I've tasted worse. *

REDLEAF OFFICER (SAM) (O.S.) *
I like your attitude.

A flashlight glares through the slit in Bradley's door. The Texan squints. Through the aperture peer two blue eyes. *

REDLEAF OFFICER (SAM) (O.S.) (CONT'D) *
You wanna eat something?

Bradley nods.

REDLEAF OFFICER (SAM) (CONT'D) *
If you don't like it, dump it in the shithole.

BRADLEY
Okay. *

REDLEAF OFFICER (SAM) *
Any mess you make is one you get to live with. I'm not a maid.

The eyes retreat from the slit and are replaced by a compartmentalized plastic tray of assorted lumpy puddles. The Texan takes the fetid platter and sets it upon the floor.

BRADLEY
You got-
(he COUGHS)
You got any utensils I can use?
Plastic or whatever?

Without another word, the officer departs. FOOTFALLS echo. The Texan looks at the corroded spigot atop the toilet, reaches out, grabs the handle and twists. Old metal SQUEAKS.

Rusty water trickles from the spout, SPATTERING the septic mass below the cell.

With the questionable fluid, Bradley washes his hands and SPLASHES his grimy, blood-smeared face.

93 INT. REDLEAF PRISON / CELL BLOCK 99 - CELL 18 - LATER 93

Bradley plucks a spongy lump of food from an ochre-colored puddle and puts it in his mouth. Grimacing, he chews.

MAN WITH MISMATCHED EYES (O.S.)
Hey. Cowboy.

The Texan looks through the slit and sees the mismatched eyes of the man across the hall.

MAN WITH MISMATCHED EYES (CONT'D)
You feeling okay?

BRADLEY
A little bit south of okay.

The Texan looks down, eats another morsel and shudders.

MAN WITH MISMATCHED EYES
You were raving for a while. You have a fever?

BRADLEY
Did.

For a moment, the Texan contemplates his odious meal.

MAN WITH MISMATCHED EYES
Why’re the guards after you?

Bradley pours the contents of the tray into his open mouth, chewing substantial bits, swallowing, choking down everything as quickly as possible. After he ingests the major part of the meal, he tosses the platter aside.

BRADLEY
I hurt one of them.
(he wipes his mouth)
Broke his arm. Why’re you in here?

There is no response. Bradley looks through the slit. Across the hall, the Man with Mismatched Eyes stares at the ground, pensive and silent.

MAN WITH MISMATCHED EYES (O.S.)
I did some things I’m not proud of.

A morbid heaviness hangs between the inmates. Bradley does not ask for more information.

MAN WITH MISMATCHED EYES (O.S.)
(CONT'D)
Where’re you from? South somewhere? *

Bradley leans forward and grabs his sneakers.

BRADLEY
Texas.

MAN WITH MISMATCHED EYES (O.S.)
Never been. Is it nice down there?

BRADLEY
For most folks it is.
(he shakes his head)
I don’t have a heap of great memories from back then.

Bradley reaches his right hand inside his left sneaker.

MAN WITH MISMATCHED EYES
They’re helpful.

BRADLEY
What are?

MAN WITH MISMATCHED EYES
Memories. They’re what keep you sane in a place like this.

Bradley RIPS the rubber pad from his left sneaker.

MAN WITH MISMATCHED EYES (CONT'D)
I spend a lot of time just remembering my life-- the way it used to be before I made my mistakes. Reliving the good parts.

BRADLEY
How long’ve you been in here?

MAN WITH MISMATCHED EYES
Eight years.

BRADLEY
That’s rough.

Bradley sucks in his stomach, folds the rubber pad in half and forces it between his shirt and the shock module that is atop his left kidney. Against the inside of the stun belt, the buffer SQUEAKS.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Do they ever let you go up for visitors?

MAN WITH MISMATCHED EYES
People don’t want to visit me.

Bradley RIPS the rubber pad from his right sneaker.

MAN WITH MISMATCHED EYES (CONT'D)
How about you?

BRADLEY
How about me what?

The Texan wedges the buffer underneath the other stun module.

MAN WITH MISMATCHED EYES
Are there people who still care
about you on the outside?

BRADLEY
A few.

Bradley arranges the fabric of his uniform so that it obscures the top of the stun belt.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Two that really matter.

MAN WITH MISMATCHED EYES
You have a wife?

BRADLEY
Yeah.

MAN WITH MISMATCHED EYES
Is she gonna wait for you?

Bradley looks at the stripe of pale skin upon his ring finger. Tears sparkle in his eyes. He presses his fist to his lips and nods his head.

BRADLEY
She would have.

94 INT. REDLEAF PRISON / CELL BLOCK 99 - CELL 18 - MORNING 94

The stun belt BEEPS. Bradley awakens, calmly, as if roused by an alarm clock. He glances at the neutralized shock device and adjusts the hidden buffers. Outside his cell, FOOTFALLS resound.

WILSON (O.S.)
Wake up Mr. Thomas!

The FOOTFALLS grow louder and louder. The BEEP stops. Bradley watches the dim slit.

WILSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Your buddies want to socialize.

The lock CLACKS, and the door retreats from the cell. Standing in the corridor are Wilson and the black Jailor.

WILSON (CONT'D)
Come into the hall.

The Texan rises to his feet, chains CLINKING. A coolness fills the decided man.

95 INT. REDLEAF PRISON / CELL BLOCK 99 - CORRIDOR - SAME 95

Bradley walks into the hallway, furtively appraising the Jailor, who wears a stun gun and a revolver, and Wilson, who has a baton and the remote control for the belt. The baby-faced officer with the broken arm points the plastic antenna at the open door.

WILSON
Close that.

BRADLEY
I'd like the place to air out.
Smells like shit and dinner.

WILSON
That wasn't a suggestion.

Wilson waggles the remote control. The Texan points at the man's cast.

BRADLEY
When I autograph that, should I
make it out to Mr. or Mrs. Bitch?

Wilson CLICKS the remote control. The stun belt BEEPS. Bradley doubles over, feigning agony. The baby-faced officer SLAPS the back of the Texan's stitched skull.

WILSON
I bet your kidneys don't like your
jokes.

Wilson walks toward the cell door. Bradley lunges at the Jailor. The black man freezes, stunned. The Texan snatches the revolver from the officer's holster.

JAILOR
No!

Wilson SLAMS into Bradley's back and CRACKS his cast against the Texan's left hand. The revolver CLATTERS to the ground. Wilson throws his arm around his opponent's neck.

WILSON
(to the Jailor)
Get the gun!

The Jailor lunges for the gun, but Bradley kicks it away. The weapon slides into cell 18.

Wilson chokes Bradley from behind. The Texan shifts his weight, runs backward and SLAMS the officer into the wall. Wilson YELLS, but does not release the inmate's neck. Bradley's face darkens.

The apprehensive Jailor advances, stun gun upraised.

WILSON (CONT'D)
Get him now, while-

The Texan throws himself forward, flinging the baby-faced officer into his black peer. Wilson's head impacts the Jailor's chest and both men tumble to the ground.

Bradley gets to his feet; Wilson rises; the Jailor scrambles toward the gate.

The Texan swings his chains at the black man's ankles; metal CRACKS against bone. The Jailor YELPS and falls. Behind Bradley, Wilson hastens toward cell 18, wherein lies the gun.

The Texan spins and lunges after the baby-faced officer, but his fetters snap taut, CLINK. Brick SLAMS into his chest. The door to cell 18 SLAMS shut.

Bradley rises from the brick. Two yards away, the barrel of the revolver emerges from the slit in the door.

The Texan lunges, trips on his chains and SLAMS into the wall beside the door. Wilson swivels the gun, but cannot aim it at Bradley, who is flush against the same surface.

WILSON (CONT'D)
Jeremy! Go for help, I'll cover-

Bradley SLAMS his right fist against the exposed barrel of the gun. Metal CLANKS against metal; the muzzle bends.

WILSON (CONT'D)
Fuck!

Five yards away, the Jailor rises to his feet; his lips are busted and bloody, and a welt glows upon his right cheek. Bradley looks at the frightened black man.

BRADLEY
Give me those keys.

WILSON
Run! Get help! He can't catch you with those chains on his ankles.

BRADLEY
True.
(he turns to the door)
But I will come in there break your fucking neck.

Bradley whips his chains against the door; metal CLANKS; sparks fly. The Jailor flinches. The Texan points at the black man's key ring.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Bring those over here.

The Jailor's eyes flicker back and forth between the slit and the inmate like a skipping record.

WILSON
Jeremy! Get out of here! Now!

The Jailor turns away from Bradley and hastens up the hall.

DEEP MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Chicken!

MAN WITH A BROOKLYN ACCENT (O.S.)
Black chicken!

The Texan opens the door to cell 18. A baton CRACKS into his shoulder. Bradley bats the wood away.

On the far side of the hall, the Jailor nears the iron gate.

Bradley leans into the cell, wraps a chain around Wilson's neck and drags him into the corridor. The baby-faced officer COUGHS and GURGLES, kicking the ground.

The Jailor reaches the gate.

BRADLEY
Jeremy!

Bradley pulls the chain tight, CLINK-CLINK-CLINK. The officer wriggles like a hooked fish, CHOKING, kicking the ground, administering futile SLAPS. The Texan eyes the Jailor.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
He'll be choked cold when you get back. Dead. That's a promise.

In front of the gate, the black man hesitates.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
And it’ll be on you.

Wilson’s red face becomes purple.

JAILOR
Stop! Okay, okay.

Bradley loosens the chain-link noose, CLINK-CLINK-CLINK. Wilson GASPS; his purple face turns red.

BRADLEY
Give me the keys.

The Jailor walks toward the inmate and the COUGHING officer.

WILSON
Don’t give-

Bradley tightens his grip, CLINK-CLINK; chains squeeze Wilson’s throat, cutting off his air.

BRADLEY
Quiet.

Fifteen feet away, the Jailor pauses. Bradley loosens the chain, CLINK-CLINK; Wilson GASPS.

JAILOR
Let him loose.

BRADLEY
Fuck no.

Bradley removes the chain from Wilson’s throat and heaves him into cell 18. The officer THUDS against the floor. The Texan SLAMS the door and looks at the Jailor.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Give me the keys.

The Jailor wipes blood from his busted lips, pulls the key ring from his belt and shakes his head.

JAILOR
You can’t get out of Redleaf.

BRADLEY
My business is in here.
(he points to the keys)
Walk them over.

The Jailor strides toward Bradley. At the slit, Wilson’s red eyes appear.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Lock the door so your friend doesn't get ambitious.

Five feet from the cell, the Jailor raises a key. The iron door swings open. Bradley SLAMS his shoulder into the metal. Wilson's head is sandwiched between the door and the wall; his skull CRACKS. The Jailor's stomach sinks.

JAILOR
No!

Wilson falls to the floor. Bradley grabs the Jailor's wrist and yanks him off balance. Bricks impact the fellow's chest, knocking the air from his lungs and the keys from his hand.

Bradley looks at Wilson's cracked, lopsided head, and is sickened by the sight.

BRADLEY
You stupid, stupid asshole.

Further up the corridor, an unseen inmate APPLAUDS. The Jailor's eyes fill with tears.

JAILOR
You killed him, you-

BRADLEY
I know what I did.

With the sole of his left foot, Bradley shoves Wilson's body into cell 18. The Texan looks at the Jailor.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Get in.

The Jailor enters the cell, joining his dead peer. Bradley SLAMS the door and picks up the key ring. Mismatched eyes watch through the slit in the cell door 17.

MAN WITH MISMATCHED EYES
Don't feed him. Make it so he has to eat his friend in order to stay alive.

Two unseen inmates APPLAUD the proposed cannibalism. Bradley inserts a key into the cell 18 door and twists his hand; the bolt CLACKS.

JAILOR (O.S.)
Warden Tuggs will kill you for doing this.

BRADLEY
Him or somebody else.

The Texan finds a small key, unlocks and removes the padlock that secures his stun belt, RIPS the velcro and tosses the shock device to the ground.

MAN WITH MISMATCHED EYES
You should take his stun gun.
(a pale finger points through the slit)
It's over there.

With a larger key, Bradley unlocks his handcuffs and lets them fall to the ground, CLANK.

BRADLEY
I'm not stunnin' these guys.

Bradley leans over and unlocks his fetters, CLACK-CLACK. The chains fall to the ground, CLANK.

MAN WITH MISMATCHED EYES
Can I have it then? The stun gun.
I could really use it in here.

Bradley picks up the shock device and slides it through the slit. Long pale fingers receive the gift.

MAN WITH MISMATCHED EYES (CONT'D)
Thanks.
(the device BUZZES)
Good luck.

Bradley seizes the baton and walks up the corridor, stretching his arms and CRACKING stiff joints in his shoulders, back and neck.

The Texan turns the corner and looks up the long passageway. Beyond the distant portal lies the lighted common room, wherein resounds SLOW MAMBO MUSIC that is sprinkled with STATIC and THUDS.

The Texan rubs the stitched and abraded tattoo on the back of his head and strides forward, calm and determined.

96 INT. REDLEAF PRISON / CELL BLOCK 99 - COMMON AREA - SAME 96

Seated in the metal chairs that surround the main table are Eleazar, Roman, and M.P.V., each with a plastic cup and a set of dice. Beside the punching bag that dangles near the portal is Johnny Mu, throwing fast combinations of fists, knees, and crescent kicks into the fabric, a tattoo of THUDS. Slow mambo music brightens the drear environment.

Eleazar leans toward the boombox and CLICKS the power button. Silence expands. Johnny Mu, M.P.V. and Roman look at the slender, silver-haired Mexican.

ELEAZAR
Johnny. Check on Wilson.

The mute Asian nods his head and walks toward the portal.

ROMAN
I can go with him and-

A thrown baton SMACKS Johnny Mu's forehead. He stumbles backward, stops and sets his feet and fists.

The Texan appears before the martial artist, receives three body blows--WHACK-WHACK-WHACK--and returns with a huge left hook. Johnny Mu's jaw SNAPS. Loose teeth CLICK against the wall like blind insects.

The Chinese man wobbles; the Texan seizes him by the hair and throws him to the floor; cartilage SNAPS; blood squirts from his nostrils. Bradley sets the sole of his right sneaker on the back of Johnny Mu's head.

BRADLEY
Do what I say or I'll kill him.

Eleazar shrugs.

Roman and M.P.V. rise from the table.

With his right foot, Bradley grinds Johnny Mu's face across the stone, authoring a swath of shredded skin, pale clumps and blood.

M.P.V.
Fuck.

Exposed bone SCRATCHES the floor. Bradley lifts his foot and with it rolls the body over. A skinless face that is a white skull with terrible eyes stares up at the Latinos. It WHEEZES.

M.P.V. pales, nauseated. Roman balks.

ELEAZAR
Kill Mr. Thomas and I'll double your wages. *

Roman SLAPS his associate's back and points at the Texan, who stands thirty feet away. M.P.V. nods his head, clenching his fists, determined.

BRADLEY
Ask him to kick in for your funeral.

M.P.V.
Fuck you gringo.

Bradley walks toward M.P.V. The distance between the men narrows. Roman circles around, flanking the Texan.

Bradley springs forward and jams his thumbs into M.P.V.'s eyes. The tall Mexican SHRIEKS; clear fluid squirts.

Roman punches Bradley's left ear, SMACK. The Texan withdraws and turns to the Peruvian, fists ready. M.P.V. presses his palms to his burst eyeballs.

M.P.V. (CONT'D)
¡Mis ojos, mis-

The Texan trips the blind Mexican. M.P.V. falls to the ground and SMACKS his head. Bradley stomps on his neck; vertebrae CRACK.

Fear flickers upon Roman's face, but he holds his ground.

ELEAZAR
My condolences, Mr. Thomas.

Bradley looks over Roman's shoulder. On the other side of the room, Eleazar withdraws his cellphone.

Roman throws a fist across Bradley's jaw, SMACK.

Eleazar TAPS the small black screen.

The Texan catches a jab in the ribs, CRACK. He darts to the side. Roman follows and throws a hook into Bradley's broken nose, CRACK. A piece of cartilage rips through the skin.

ELEAZAR (CONT'D)
It is especially tragic when parents lose a child.

The Texan lunges in the other direction; his opponent SMACKS his right cheek; blood erupts like a firework.

Eleazar TAPS the screen and raises the phone to his ear.

Bradley SLAMS into Roman and clenches him like a weary boxer.

ELEAZAR (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
If you do not hear from me in ten minutes, commence the abortionist.

Roman tries to break free of Bradley's bear hug. The Texan pounds his left fist into his opponent's spine, SMACK-SMACK-SMACK-SMACK-CRACK. The Peruvian GRUNTS, agonized; spit drains from his wired jaw.

ELEAZAR (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
And if you have not heard from me within the hour, dismantle the mother and flush her down a toilet.

Roman shoves Bradley off. The Texan swings. A right hook SNAPS the Peruvian's mending jaw and a straight jab turns the bones into shards. Wires poke through his chin and cheeks like insect antennae. He GURGLES and MOANS.

Eleazar calmly TAPS his phone and slides it into his pocket.

Bradley crouches and SLAMS a fist into Roman's stomach. The Peruvian doubles over.

The Texan grabs his opponent's hair, SLAMS his face into the stone and stomps upon the back of his head. Bones CRACK. The Peruvian swallows his collapsed jaw and tongue. He CHOKES on himself; gore and teeth spray from his nostrils.

Bradley races at Eleazar. The Mexican drug lord raises his hands in the air, palms out.

ELEAZAR (CONT'D)
If you want your wife and child to survive, you-

Bradley seizes Eleazar by the neck.

BRADLEY
Call him off.

ELEAZAR
Go back to your cell or you baby is dead.

Eleazar smiles, revealing white teeth and bare gums.

ELEAZAR (CONT'D)
You do not have a choice.

Bradley punches Eleazar in the stomach; the surprised Mexican doubles over, breathless.

BRADLEY
You're wrong 'bout that.

Bradley reaches into Eleazar's uniform and withdraws the man's cellphone. The drug lord shakes his head.

ELEAZAR
They will-
(he GASPS)
-not listen to you.

BRADLEY
That's fine. You're the one that's gonna be makin' noise.

For the first time during the entire altercation, fear cracks Eleazar's calm facade. He masters himself and looks up. A clenched fist SNAPS his nose, and he teeters.

Eleazar glances at the portal. The Texan grabs his collar and flings him to the floor, THUD.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Call him off.

The drug lord rolls onto his back and looks up at the Texan.

ELEAZAR
Return to your cell.

BRADLEY
We'll do this the other way.

Bradley secrets the phone, steps on Eleazar's right thigh, lean over and grabs the fellow's right ankle.

ELEAZAR
I will not-

The Texan yanks the bottom half of the pinned leg in the wrong direction. The kneecap POPS, and the Mexican SCREAMS.

BRADLEY
Tell me your code or it's the other leg.

ELEAZAR
Seven, seven, seven.

Bradley withdraws the cellphone, turns it on, selects 'Recent Calls,' highlights the top number and presses 'Dial.' With his free hand, he grabs the drug lord's good ankle.

ELEAZAR (CONT'D)
Don't.

Cellphone to his ear, Bradley drags Eleazar toward the portal. The drug lord MOANS, pale, tremulous.

BRADLEY
(into the phone)
Howdy. You that creep that visited me at The Fridge?
(he listens)
Well I want you to hear something-

Bradley kicks Eleazar's bad leg to the side; the joint CRACKLES, and the man SHRIEKS.

97 INT. REDLEAF PRISON / CELL BLOCK 99 - CORRIDOR - SAME 97

Bradley returns the cellphone to his ear and drags Eleazar into the empty Cell Block 99 corridor.

BRADLEY
(into the phone)
I've already hurt Eleazar serious. Right now, I'm dragging him over to a bunch of guys who'll fuck him bloody.

Eleazar is terrified.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
I don't want to do this, but I will. You should know by now that I can get mean.

ELEAZAR
Brad... *

BRADLEY
Bradley.

ELEAZAR
Bradley. I will tell them to release your wife.

BRADLEY
They need to give her over to Gil, so that I can confirm she's okay.

Eleazar nods. Bradley puts the device on speaker phone and points it at the drug dealer.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Talk correct or get raped.

98 INT. UNKNOWN BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER 98

The Placid Man descends the basement steps and slides his * cellphone into the inner pocket of his brown suit jacket. In the center of the room, the Filipino erects two stainless steel gynecological stirrups in front of Lauren, who is blindfolded and unconscious. *

PLACID MAN *
The plans have changed.

A look of disappointment registers on the abortionist's face.

99 INT. REDLEAF PRISON / CELL BLOCK 99 - CELL 18 - MOMENTS LATER 99

Bradley handcuffs the anxious Jailor's wrists together, CLACK-CLACK, and rolls him onto the filthy mattress. At present, the Texan seizes Wilson's corpse by the right ankle and drags it into the corridor, its cracked head trailing fluids.

The prone Jailor pivots and looks through the door. Bradley and the corpse disappear from view. Footsteps echo. Without warning, a man YELLS. At present, the Texan drags Eleazar into cell 18; the drug lord is damp with his own excreta.

JAILOR
Whoa. He stinks.

Bradley grabs Eleazar by the collar, jerks him around and drops his face into the shithole. The drug lord convulses, violently. Unseen elements SPLATTER.

100 INT. REDLEAF PRISON / CELL BLOCK 99 - CORRIDOR - SAME 100

The Texan steps into the hall, kneels and sets the revolver upon the ground. He puts the sharp edge of a fetter against the bent barrel. With the haft of the baton, he pounds the metals, CLANK. Sparks fly.

JAILOR
I don't know what you're thinking,
but you're not going to get away.

Again, Bradley pounds the metals, CLANK. The fetter bites into the barrel. Again, he pounds the metals. The barrel CRACKS off, wholly detached.

Bradley inspects the truncated firearm. Half an inch from the front surface gleams the copper head of a bullet, clear of obstructions.

Footsteps THUNDER on the far side of the hallway. Bradley looks up. Two Redleaf Officers who are armed with stun guns hasten toward the locked gate, followed by Warden Tuggs. They see the dead body that is sprawled in the middle of the corridor and stop. *

REDLEAF OFFICER (SAM) *
Fuck. It's Wilson.

Bradley shields his body behind the iron door of his cell and CLANGS his weapon against the metal.

BRADLEY
Warden Tuggs!

WARDEN TUGGS
Bradley Thomas?
(he points at the body)
You do this?

BRADLEY
I did. And I have two more hostages-- Eleazar and your guy Jeremy. If you open that gate or gas me I will murder both of them.

MAN WITH A BROOKLYN ACCENT (O.S.)
He'll do it!

MAN WITH MISMATCHED EYES (O.S.)
Efficiently!

The leathery superior strides to the gate and regards the Texan with the slits that hide his eyes.

WARDEN TUGGS
What do you think you're going to accomplish here?

BRADLEY
I'm waiting for a phone call. One minute after I'm off, I'll turn myself over to you. I swear that to Christ in Heaven up above.

Warden Tuggs looks at his dead associate. For a moment, the head of security ruminates.

WARDEN TUGGS
Jeremy?!?

JAILOR (O.S.)
Yeah?

WARDEN TUGGS
You okay?

JAILOR (O.S.)
I'm not dead.

Warden Tuggs looks at Bradley.

WARDEN TUGGS
When's this call coming?

BRADLEY
Soon.

WARDEN TUGGS
I got time for a cigar?

BRADLEY
Half of one.

From the chest pocket of his black shirt, the head of security withdraws a slender brown smokable.

WARDEN TUGGS
I got a cigarillo that smokes pretty fast.

101 INT/EXT. BLACK MERCEDES / ENORMOUS GRAY MANSION - SAME 101

The Placid Man drives toward the gray stone wall that surrounds Gil's mansion. Seated in the backseat of the car are the Filipino, wearing a charcoal suit, and Lauren, who is blindfolded and wears a robe over her begrimed nightgown.

Gil stands beside the central gate and raises his hands, palms out. The Placid Man applies the brakes and the Mercedes stops.

PLACID MAN
(over his shoulder)
Release her.

The Filipino leans over Lauren's lap, pulls on the handle and opens the door. The Placid Man raises a revolver and points it at Gil.

PLACID MAN (CONT'D)
Do not approach the vehicle.

Gil nods his head.

GIL
Understood.

Lauren climbs out of the car. Sunlight strikes her bruised and abraded face, and wind tugs at her clothing.

The Filipino SLAMS the door. The Placid Man shifts the car into reverse and steps on the accelerator. The wall, Gil, and the blindfolded woman rapidly diminish.

PLACID MAN
What a mess.

The little abortionist shakes his head as the car withdraws.

FILIPINO
Very disappointing.

Thirty yards south, Gil races toward Lauren. Lights glimmer atop the wall. Perplexed, the driver wrinkles his brow.

The windshield SHATTERS. Blood erupts from the Placid Man's throat. The back window EXPLODES. Multiple GUNSHOTS echo. A bullet lances the Placid Man's head, and his brains SPLATTER the Filipino. *

102 EXT. ENORMOUS GRAY MANSION / OUTER WALL - SAME 102 *

Gil escorts Lauren through the gate. Lying atop the structure is a SNIPER with a semiautomatic hunting rifle. Gil claims his own long range weapon. Thirty-five yards north, the black Mercedes drifts backwards, driverless and damaged. * * *

Gil and the Sniper fire into the front of the car, BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG. Spent shells fall upon the manicured lawn.

From the hood HISSES dark smoke. The rear door swings open, and the Filipino clambers out, COUGHING and holding his shoulder.

LAUREN
Give me a rifle.

Gil looks at the pregnant woman and sees the look of determination upon her face. He bequeaths his weapon.

GIL
(to the Sniper)
Let her take a couple.

With shaking hands, Lauren grips the rifle, sets the stock against her shoulder and aims. She exhales air, steadies herself and squeezes the trigger, BANG. Caught in the spins, the Filipino sprawls upon the lawn. * *

Lauren targets her weapon and fires, BANG. The Filipino's right hand disappears. Another shot BANGS. The dying target's left hand bursts into a welter of gore. Gil CLAPS. * * *

GIL (CONT'D)
Always said that Bradley picked a winner.

Lauren frowns at both the remark and the man who made it. Gil withdraws his cellphone and TAPS the screen.

103 INT. REDLEAF PRISON / CELL BLOCK 99 - CORRIDOR - SAME 103

Bradley sits in the corridor, shielded by his cell door, his back against the brick wall. On the floor directly beside his right leg lie the blunted revolver and the focus of his attention-- Eleazar's cellphone. The small black screen reflects the Texan's battered face.

On the far end of the hallway and behind the locked gate stand four Redleaf Officers, all of whom are armed with guns, * and Warden Tuggs, who is nearly done with his cigarillo.

The phone RINGS. Upon the screen flash the words, 'Anonymous Caller.' Bradley picks up the device, turns it on and presses it to his ear.

BRADLEY
(into the phone)
Gil?
(he listens)
How is she?

For a moment, the entire world is still. Tears of relief sparkle in the Texan's eyes.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Thank God.
(he listens)
You handled everything?
(he listens)
Good.
(he listens)
Yeah. Put her on.

Bradley's hands shake. On the far side of the corridor, Warden Tuggs polishes his revolver.

WARDEN TUGGS
Mr. Thomas? You about done?

BRADLEY
Pretty soon.

Warden Tuggs glances at the tip of his cigarillo.

WARDEN TUGGS
Not much tobacco left.

Bradley hears his wife's voice and brightens.

BRADLEY
(into the phone)
Hey. Are you-
(he listens)
Don't worry about what's happening here. I'm fine. I wanted to check in on you and the koala-- make sure you're safe. Hear your voice.

The Texan listens for a ponderous moment. Tears roll down his face. He clears his throat.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Sure I would.

Bradley hammers the floor with his left fist so that his voice does not crack.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
I'd love to say something to her.

104 EXT. ENORMOUS GRAY MANSION / OUTER WALL - SAME 104

Lauren is alone, stunned by her experiences, leaning against the gray wall that surrounds the huge white mansion. She lowers the cellphone from her ear and presses it to her swollen stomach.

Bradley's tiny words emerge from the device.

After a few slow heartbeats, the woman raises the phone from her belly.

105 INT. REDLEAF PRISON / CELL BLOCK 99 - CORRIDOR - SAME 105

Bradley wipes his face and clears his throat.

BRADLEY
Thanks.
(he listens)
I'm not sure when you'll get to visit, but I'll try and figure that stuff out. I've gotta go now.
(he listens)
Sorry. Yeah.
(he listens)
I love you too.
(he listens)
Bye.

Bradley lowers the cellphone and turns it off.

WARDEN TUGGS
You ready?

BRADLEY
I still have that one minute I told you about.

Bradley takes the cellphone in both of his hands, CRACKS it in half and discards it. At present, he walks into cell 18.

106 INT. REDLEAF PRISON / CELL BLOCK 99 - CELL 18 - SAME 106

The Jailor watches the Texan enter the cell. Bradley straddles Eleazar, who is terrified.

ELEAZAR
Don't. I will give money to your-

BRADLEY
You won't.

Bradley flips Eleazar over and shoves his head into the black shithole. He stomps upon the back of the man's neck; stone CRACKS the drug lord's windpipe.

JAILOR
Fuck!

WARDEN TUGGS (O.S.)
Jeremy?!? What's going on in there?

BRADLEY
I'm executing Eleazar.

WARDEN TUGGS (O.S.)
We're coming in!

BRADLEY
I still have-

The Texan stomps upon the squirming drug lord's neck.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
-twenty-five seconds.

Unseen guns are cocked, CLACK-CLACK-CLACK-CLACK-CLACK-CLACK. Keys JINGLE.

Bradley stomps upon Eleazar's neck. Torn arteries spray blood in all directions. The drug lord GURGLES.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
They say the head stays alive for a little while after it's been cut off.

A bolt CLACKS. Gate hinges CREAK. Footsteps THUNDER in the corridor. The Jailor scrambles from the enclosure.

Bradley stomps through narrow remainder of Eleazar's neck. The severed head falls into the foul pit and SPLASHES in excrement.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Hope so.

Outside the cell, Warden Tuggs and eight Redleaf Officers point their guns at Bradley's back.

WARDEN TUGGS
Hands on your head! And turn around!

The Texan places his palms upon his ragged cross tattoo and faces the guns.

BRADLEY
One hundred and twenty-one days.

White fire THUNDERS and BOOMS, but Bradley Thomas does not close his sky blue eyes as bullets tear into his body. *

Fade to white.

The end.